

The SILENT WORKER



Before the Mass, Laguna, New Mexico
By Kelly H. Stevens

March 1928

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The Silent Worker

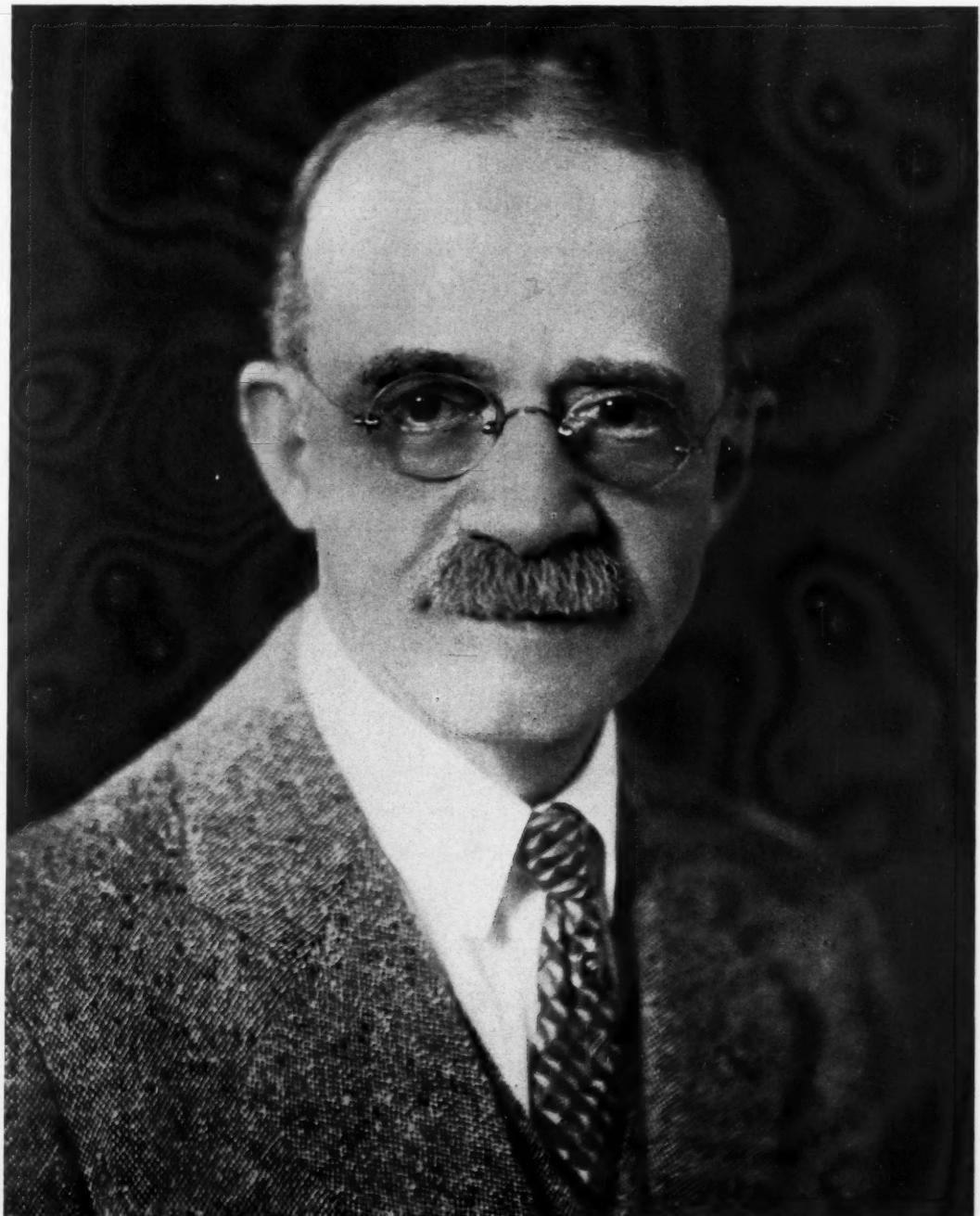
An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

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Trenton, N. J., March, 1928

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Deaf Persons of Note



A. L. PACH PHOTO

Samuel Frankenstein, born deaf (1868) but his speech and lip-reading abilities are a tribute to old time methods of the 44th St. School from which he graduated at 16 and then put in 25 years hard work as a commercial photograph printer, during which there were few relaxations and fewer vacations. For further details see page 242

THE SILENT WORKER

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Little Journeys in Bohemia

By Kelly H. Stevens

(Continued from last month)

A Spanish Christmas

Madrid, December 23rd.

DO YOU know the best recipe for the most perfect "morning after" feeling? No, you're wrong—it's not the stuff distilled in a day, but a night spent in a second-class compartment in a European train. Quite an assortment of us left Paris the night of the 21st on the Paris-Madrid *Rapide*. In the compartment there was a fat old Basque wearing the round Basque cap; a jovial fat fellow whom I guessed to be Spanish, a Frenchwoman, an English girl, and a Japanese who had seemingly just recovered from the smallpox—he was as full of holes as a sieve. We contorted ourselves into all sorts of positions, trying to settle down for the night. Wakenings and stirrings at every station—Orleans, Blois, Tours, Bordeaux. If you know what it is to sleep thru the night bolt upright and then to be turned out in the grey dawn without any breakfast to go thru the customs and change trains at Irún on the frontier, you'll know how I felt the next morning. I snatched a cup of coffee and a roll at a *fonda* at Irún after passing thru the customs quickly and easily—in fact, I got out before any one else did.

Then began a wonderful all-day ride thru Spain—with



Madrid: A street in the Old Town.

a bright sky and rolling cloud masses like those of our own Southwest. We were in the pretty Basque country which the Zubiaurres paint so well. Rolling green hills and white houses everywhere, and in the distance the jagged peaks of the Pyrenees showing. People in blue



Don Manuel Iglesias wears his cloak to the manor born.

jeans and wearing *alpagatas* white canvas shoes with plaited hemp soles). The sun was so warm that people were working in the fields, without coats, digging turnips and sugar beets. Great carts with solid wooden wheels, drawn by oxen; fat women in black astride little burros. Tuesday must be wash day in Spain, for everywhere were women washing at the stream sides, often barefoot—in December! How good to see sunshine and fresh air, fleecy clouds, warm sun and honest toil after the artificiality of Paris.

As we passed out of the Basque country and got into the mountains of Northern Spain, the whole aspect of things changed. Steep hills crowned with deserted forts dating from the time of Isabella and before; villages clustered around beautiful old churches, just like our missions; pouring mountain streams crossed by stone bridges—all these scenes bathed in a peculiar golden-reddish sunlight, alternating with sombre clouds. I

never in all my life wished to stop and paint so badly. As the afternoon wore on we got in to the upland plateau upon which Madrid is situated and glimpsed the golden towers of Segovia just before darkness fell, rich and blue, over butte and mesa.

About ten at night, after a ride of over twenty-four hours, I reached Madrid. The Zubiaurre brothers were



A bit of Buen Retiro, one of the world's most beautiful parks.

at the station to meet me. They knew me at once without looking for the handerchief which I had tied around my arm as agreed. They saw me to my hotel where they had already made reservations for me. They had laid out an elaborate plan for my entertainment, and have acted as guides for several days. There have been several visits to the art galleries; trips down into the old, picturesque parts of the city; visits to the homes of their friends, and best of all, to their studios where they have obligingly brought out masterpiece after masterpiece to show. I have seen their choicest work; things which they do not wish to sell or exhibit. Like many, I believe them to be the best artists of Spain, even better than Zuloaga, who has been over press-agented. The first day in Madrid, Valentin de Z—gave a tea in his studio. About twenty artists and deaf people came. I surely felt honored, hobnobbing with aristocratic Spaniards—they are great people to meet, such cordiality and fine manners!

Madrid, December 26th.

I had the most unique Christmas Day I ever spent—you'll hardly guess where I spent most of it and what I saw—in the Palace of the King of Spain. And I saw the King and Queen and the great nobles of Spain at high mass in the Royal Chapel of the Palace. It is a privilege accorded but seldom to foreigners, and I believe I was the only American who witnessed the ceremony.

It happened thru Valentin de Zubiaurre's kindness. He belongs to the lesser nobility and had obtained passes to the palace, and as his late father was court musician and conducted the music in the Royal Chapel, he had admission to the chapel and to the musicians' gallery high overhead. The other members of the lesser nobility were admitted only to the corridors to watch the Royal Family pass, but we saw everything.

We got there early and spent some time in watching the changing of the King's guard in the courtyard of the palace. Such an assemblage of beautiful uniforms, horses and trappings! Various regiments passed and repassed before the king's windows to pay their respects. After a while we tried to enter the palace. Here a hitch occurred. We passed one guard, the outer, but

when we had almost reached the second line we were called back. It seemed that one of the passes was made out in the name of Senora de Zubiaurre, Valentin's mother, and so they refused to admit me on it. Thereupon Valentin demanded to be taken to the Duke of Miranda, the second grandee of Spain in rank, and head of the palace management, director of the King's household. A guard went off with my friend. I passed some uneasy moments under suspicious Spanish glances. Valentin saw the Duke, who patted him on the back affectionately, having known him from babyhood, and wrote out a new pass in my name. The hostility and suspicion changed to deference and we were passed into the palace. One did not mind all this, for so many attempts have been made to assassinate King Alfonso that every precaution is taken.

We entered the Royal Chapel—chapel in name only, for in size it is enormous, about a hundred feet from floor to top of dome, the interior covered with paintings by Jordæns, and gilded and veneered with precious marbles. Here the Royal Family and the Court (only the Dukes) assemble for high mass several times a year, at Christmas, Easter, etc. Spectators from the lesser nobility and the clergy are admitted to a small enclosure at one side. There is room for only a few score, and they must all stand. Fortunately we had access to the choir loft, where the musicians were stationed—away up where we could see everything and remain unseen.

From our point of vantage we watched the guard in splendid uniforms and decorations file in. Then eight priests and a mitered bishop, all in golden robes came in and sat at the left of the altar. A march sounded—the great grandees of Spain began to file in and take their seats. Those of highest rank—the Duke of Aba and the Duke of Miranda came last; then came Don Jaime, the deaf son of the King; the Prince of the Asturias, heir to the throne; then King Alfonso; then Queen Victoria; then the Infantas, the blood relations of the King, all women. The men all wore splendid uniforms, ablaze with orders and jewels—the like of which I never saw. The women wore gray satin and pearls and high combs from which draped mantillas of black lace. All



In Buen Retiro Park. Munoz shows how it is done in the arena.

had long trains. The Queen wore white satin and a long shimmering train of soft blue. The most wonderful black mantilla draped her head and covered half her train; her breast and brow were literally encrusted with diamonds. She flashed like a rainbow at every movement—a very stately and beautiful woman, every inch a queen. Her fair hair, complexion and blue eyes made a strong contrast to her dark husband. She is an English-

woman, you know. The Prince of the Asturias is like her and also very handsome—I should say he is about twenty. Don Jaime, the deaf prince, is seventeen, and already taller than his father.

Everybody genuflected when they reached the center of the chapel then they took their places and waited until the royal pair had ascended their thrones under a canopy to the right of the altar. The clergy, in their golden robes, advanced to the altar and the bishop began the mass. At this point we had to leave the rail and take seats at the rear of the gallery, for the musicians needed all the space. They were so glad to see Valentin the son of their old director and musical conductor—some of them embraced him after the Spanish custom.

Then began the greatest musical treat I ever experienced and probably ever will. There was the great pipe organ up there with us, and then forty musicians. Violins, bass violins, flutes, drums, trumpets, bass voices, tenor voices, soprano voices, all combined or alternated in a tremendous volume of sound. I was right in the midst of it, and my deafness dropped away, so great was the sound—it was like being in the heavenly choir itself.

When the music was silent, four great fat monks with powerful voices stood around a great illuminated choir-book, its pages four feet by two, and chanted the service from it in Latin. Clouds of incense arose from below. The book rested on a stand and the monks turned the pages one by one. The pages were of sheepskin and had the letters and music drawn several inches high, and the capital letters were done in gold and colors. On and on the chant went; *Gloria tibi Domine qui natus est de Virgine*, etc.

We left the gallery shortly before the services ended, and went down to the place where the other spectators were, at the side of the church. Here we were directly opposite the Royal Family and could see very plainly as they knelt, stood up, crossed themselves. Then, just as the mass was about to end, we slipped out and found places in the corridor where the procession would pass. Here were several hundred people, standing in the line, the women all in black lace mantillas, the men in formal

then came Don Jaime, the Prince, and the Queen on the King's arm. Then the ladies of the court with their sweeping trains, then more dukes, then the band and lastly the royal guards. They all passed just three or four feet from us and we got the clearest view. I never, anywhere, saw so much glitter and magnificence.

We met again later in the afternoon and Valentin took me down into the old city to see several old



Segovia is built upon a great rock

churches and to watch the people at their Christmas merrymakings. Boys paraded the streets in gangs, beating upon tin pans and drums. In the plazas all sorts of temporary booths are erected, and they are full of unusual toys and confectionary. The lower classes throng the plazas, looking at the things in the booths. Booth after booth is full of little figures of baked clay modelled and painted by the peasants in the villages of Castile. They are very naive and droll. There are sets of models showing the birth of Jesus, the Wise Men, the Angel appearing to the shepherds, the Flight into Egypt, etc. We didn't care for the religious ones, but found a booth where scenes from Spanish peasant life had been modelled with real art and character, and we soon had a collection at a few cents per figure. They are like the little figures the peons make in Mexico.

Christmas night we went to call on some Spanish friends of the Zubiaurres. We all sat around a table. Here is a new kink in heating. The room was not heated, so they put a charcoal fire, smothered in ashes, in a large brazier covered with a wire net, under the table. We all sat around, seven of us, and stuck our feet under the table! The large, heavy tablecloth was draped over our laps to keep the heat in.

The climate is so mild and warm and dry that most houses go without any heat other than that of the charcoal braziers. In the parks the grass is green and there are palms, and pepper trees with red berries. The fountains are still playing. The warm sun brings out crowds of promenaders on the *avenidas*.

Madrid is so clean and fresh—like San Antonio or Austin—not grimy and grey like Paris. Buildings centuries old are white and fresh. The city is a quaint mixture of the old and the new. People from the hills, in all kinds of picturesque costumes, rub elbows with the height of modern fashion. And big two-wheeled carts drawn by donkeys and oxen may be seen in the streets with Cadillacs and Fords.

You could "anteek" to your heart's content in the studios of the de Zubiaurre brothers. They are full of Spanish antiques, centuries old—images in stone and wood from old churches, tapestries, pottery, silver, bright



New Year's Eve at Manuel Iglesias'. Seated, left to right: Ramon de Zubiaurre; the writer; Senora Iglesias; Senora Ramirez; Senora Escudero; Senor Ramirez. Standing: Senor Escudero, the maid; Senor Iglesias

morning dress. The guards with silver halberds marched out of the church and formed two lines in front of the spectators. Two priests, one in red silk, and carrying a golden sprinkler, and the other with a golden bucket full of holy water, took their places at the side of the door to sprinkle the court as it passed out. A march struck up—then the lesser dukes began to file out, two and two. Finally the greater ones, ending with Miranda and Alba;

shawls and blankets, and old Spanish furniture. They have collections of costumes which they use in their work. The other day the wife of Ramon dressed up in a peasant costume for my benefit. The peasant women of the north wear four or five heavy woolen skirts, one over



Segovia: The tower of an ancient Romanesque church viewed between the arches of the aqueduct

another. The last one is beautifully finished, both inside and out, and in cold or bad weather it is pulled up over the head. As for women's hats—all that I have seen are on the heads of foreign visitors. The Madrileñas wear a black veil over the head when on the streets. The peasant women go bareheaded, or wear head cloths. There are scores of distinctive costumes—one or more for every province of Spain. The black lace mantilla worn with the high comb belongs to Madrid. The wide brimmed sombrero and the bright shawl belong to Andaluzia in the far South. My friends are fond of pointing out types on the streets: "This man is Basque; this woman is from Seville; those people wear the Zaragoza costume," etc.

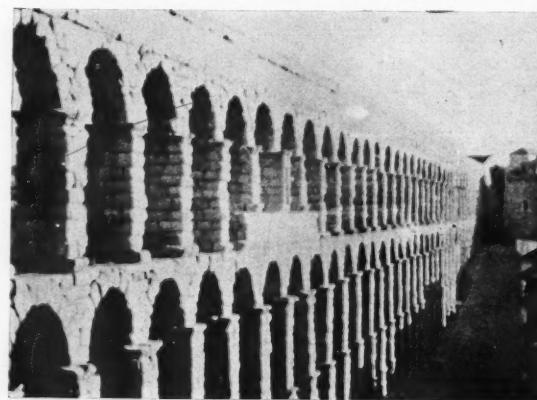
For such a little people the Spanish are voracious eaters, the meals consisting of course after course of heavy meat dishes. The food is different from the Mexican cuisine. Nearly everything tastes of vinegar, even the bread is sour. The bread is baked in tiny loaves, about the size of your fist and has a very hard crust. The hours for meals are very late; the Madrileños are the easiest-going people I ever saw. The Madrileño has his breakfast from eight to ten in the morning, his dinner between two and four in the afternoon, and his supper from eight to ten at night. I cannot get anything to eat before these hours, so I have had to adopt Spanish ways for a few days. Am not in bed until nearly midnight, sometimes long after.

Spain and the Spanish have all proved to be rather different from what you and I have imagined Spain to be. Except for the architecture it is nothing like the Mexican

version of Spain which we have on our side of the water. The people, the food, the costumes, nearly everything is different. But I'll take them one by one. A Spanish meal is an undertaking. It is so heavy, so rich that I could not stand up under the heavy cuisine and have compromised by eating but two meals a day. First the morning coffee, rolls, butter and preserves which I take late in the forenoon, and second a regular course meal which I take in the early evening. The typical Spanish dish is the *cocido* from which the poor make a whole meal. It contains meat, vegetables, and *garbanzos*—a rich, fat kind of pea. It is cooked for hours in a big earthen pot simmering before the fire, and is richly seasoned with onions, garlic, and herbs. The liquor from the *cocido* is poured off and served first as a soup, with cubes of browned bread and browned bacon in it. Then comes the inevitable *tortilla*, which isn't a kind of bread, as in Mexico, but an omelette with meat and seasoning in it. The fish is served next, with a rich tomato sauce; then comes the solid part of the *cocido* as the piece de resistance of the meal. Then a roast or barbecued meat. Then cheese and fruits and finally the sweets. These are *turron*, made of nut meats ground up fine and bound into a stiff paste with honey.

Madrid, December 29.

Today was the birthday of Manuel Iglesias—one of my Spanish friends and a very fine character—all the circle of deaf Spanish artists here proclaim him the noblest Roman of them all, and the most typical Spaniard. He is about forty, a good sculptor, and his interpretations of Spanish peasants and of bulls in motion in the ring are superb! He goes about in a wonderful cloak of black, lined with red velvet and with golden studs at the collar. He is very graceful in it; he wears it to the manor born. No wonder! It was his grandfather's and father's, and Don Manuel is the third to wear it. Think of it! Cloth so good that it will stand three generations of wear and never show it. There is no hem, and no woven selvage on the cloak, yet it will not fray. Iglesias has fought bulls a bit in his younger days. He is a landed proprietor; has a ranch near Valladolid with



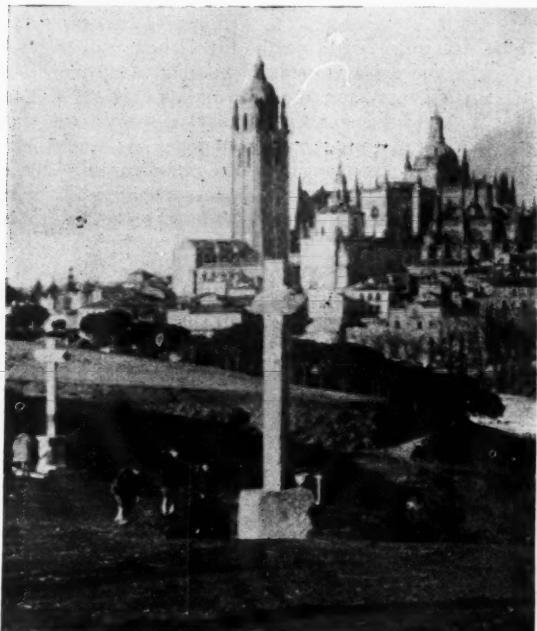
Segovia: The great Roman aqueduct stretching across the valley

twenty men working on it, and he superintends it during the spring, summer, and fall, spending the winter in his apartment here in Madrid.

Well, to resume; today was his birthday and he had Valentín de Zubiaurre and me to celebrate. Senora Iglesias is a handsome, dark-haired woman. We looked at Iglesias's sculptures, and at pictures of his ranch, of which he is very proud. He has on it a Fordson tractor; and drives a Ford. At about two we dined. At the begin-

ning of the meal our host offered me an olive on his fork. This is another Spanish custom; if you wish to show some one special honor at the table, you take an olive on your fork and give it to him. He takes the fork, thank you, removes the olive and eats it, and passes the fork back. This, no doubt, is a survival of the mediæval custom of the lord choosing choice morsels from his plate and sending them to his guests. First, the soup from the *cocido*; then two varieties of *cocido*; one of chicken and *garbanzos*, with a fried *tortilla* put into it; another of cabbage with fiery red sausages in it. The fish was served in chopped peppers, onions, cabbage and tomato sauce, with relishes of olives, pimentas and tomato sauce. The sweets which followed the fruits were superb; several varieties of *turron*, almond cakes, and almond candy.

After the meal we went to see a *Navidad* on display in the conservatory of the garden of some Duke. A won-



Penitente crosses erected on a knoll outside Segovia

derful old garden; high walls, walks, balustrades and statues. In the conservatory was set up a *Navidad* of several hundred small wax figures, each in itself a work of art. Each figure is about a foot high. The character renderings are varied—and astounding. The costumes are carefully made Spanish costumes of the Eighteenth Century, when this set of models was constructed. The first scene shows the Annunciation; then follows a great panorama in which are included the Angel appearing to the shepherds, the visit of the Wise Men, the Nativity, the Flight into Egypt. Included here and there are amusing interludes from village life, etc.

That night Valentin gave a typical Spanish dinner for me at an old inn or *posada* down in the old part of Madrid. It is a kind of famous bohemian place called "*La Casa del Segoviano*," decorated inside with fantastic frescoes and tiles. We were ushered into a little inner room where there was a table set for ten—it was a stag affair (nearly everything in Spain is) and we were all artists there. The table was uniquely set in Spanish peasant style; on the cloth were dishes of peasant pottery, vases of pottery filled with roses, wine in wooden jugs bound with brass, bowls of fruit, peculiar shaped loaves

of bread, etc. The lights were old brass lamps of a kind the Romans introduced. The peasant meal which followed was superb, the wine strong and racy, and we all grew extremely merry, tho not more. "*El Segoviano*" served us; a funny fat man with an expansive smile. We broke up at eleven, after felicitating mine host and his wife. Then we went to a place where they used to have dancing girls to dance the native dances. But alas—times have changed—there were no *jotas* or *malagueñas* to be had, no picturesque costumes to watch, so we left and had a midnight coffee in a cafe.

Yesterday, December 28, was the Spanish All Fools' Day—they say because Mary and Joseph with Jesus gave Herod the slip by escaping into Egypt about that time. April First is not observed, as with us.

Have been to tea at several places and to look at private collections of furniture and paintings. Yesterday it was to the house of Juan de la Encina, the great Spanish critic, who married Pilar de Zubiaurre, Roman's and Valentín's only sister. There was a small company there to hear a noted Uruguayan pianist from Montevideo. The composer was tricked out a la Paderewski; had a mane of blonde hair and deep blue eyes. He improvised, and played and played, rolling off thundering, swelling, brilliant stuff. Valentín and I looked at antiques and pictures. Senora Gutierrez (Encina's real name) is a wonderful woman. She speaks several languages, paints, plays, does several kinds of crafts work, etc. She has a lovely little black-eyed boy, three years old. Is he going to be a pianist, writer, or painter? Juan de la Encina (Senor Gutierrez was away, so I did not meet him. We had tea, and the pianist thundered on and on.

The Spanish impress me as being very much more moral than the French—there is none of that looseness so apparent in Paris, and the conversation is always the height of propriety, even among my men friends when they are together. Marriage seems to trouble the Spanish little—a married man here is perfectly free—he does not take his wife about him, or to places as the American, Englishmen, and Frenchmen (to a lesser degree) feel obliged to do. The woman moves in her own circle of women friends, the man in his group of men friends. You do not see unaccompanied women in the restaurants and almost never see them in the cafes—they stay at home.

The Spanish do not distinguish between North and South Americans. I have been introduced to several people from "America" only to find they were South Americans. The Spanish refuse to bow to our pet conceit of calling ourselves the only Americans.

I had expected to find the Spanish all dark—of the type we are used to in Texas and Louisiana and California—and found almost as many blondes as brunettes. The dark, flashing Valentino-Carmen type is not typical of Spain as a whole but only of Andaluzia, where they have a large percent of Moorish blood. Pick a rather stocky little man, square and solid, bright red cheeks, blue or grey eyes, and dark brown hair, and you have the most typical Spaniard. As for the Andaluzians—I met a pure blonde Andaluzian noble the other day—the exception. The people I admire most for their strong, honest, sterling qualities, their sincere religion and their cleanliness are the Basques of northeastern Spain. The Zubiaurre family is from this stock.

Madrid, January 4, 1926.

You see I have stayed on and on in Madrid—have seen the New Year in here. This city is so fascinating and interesting, and the weather in northern Spain and

March, 1928

France has been so bad—floods, wash-outs, etc., that I have remained here until things cleared up—especially as the Spanish deaf have been making it so interesting for me. Here in Madrid we have had some gray, cloudy days, but no rain. Madrid is situated on a level plateau some three thousand feet above the sea. It is encircled by mountains, and the climate is superb. The last few days



Roofs rising one above the other until all are crowned by the tawny-gold cathedral

we have had warm sun and blue skies. It seems like summer here—the bright green grass, the evergreens, live oaks, palms, magnolias, myrtles, and oleanders all in leaf help out the feeling of summer. The air is cool and bracing. Madrid possesses one of the most beautiful parks in all the world, the *Buen Retiro*. One morning this week we all gathered there before the statue of Pedro Ponce de Leon by Iglesias, which is to be unveiled in May.

The Spanish surely do stretch out their Christmas. It isn't over yet. January sixth is *Reyes*, or Kings,—the last day of the Christmas holiday—and the day when gifts are given here, in imitation of the gifts given by the three Kings from out of the East.

Watch night was a big affair. Ramon de Zubiaurre took me around. Everywhere on the streets were people selling little paper cornucopias containing twelve grapes—one for each month of the year. When midnight comes and the bells begin to ring out the old year, the people try to swallow the grapes in quick succession, one for each stroke of the bell. I imagine few can do it without choking. In the cafes the merrymakers often fill twelve little glasses with wine, and try to drink them down rapidly at the stroke of the bell.

The center of the festivities is the *Puerta del Sol*, where there were thousands of people gathered, most of them drunk or nearly so. Bands of boys in fantastic costume, wearing masks, or with blackened faces went about beating on tin pans, drums, and wielding other noise makers. The din was terrific; complete license reigned. Ramon and I did not stop to see the climax, but dodged into the subway (yes, Madrid is that modern) and went to Manuel Iglesia's house where a small party was gathered. We had a little repast, followed by champagne and the usual turron and cakes. As midnight struck we filled the glasses again and again, and drank a round of toasts.

It was not until two in the morning that Ramon and I started home. The streets were full of staggering revellers, and the gang of urchins were still at their din.

Nothing exciting has happened since New Year's. We have gone about to pay calls, to shows, to the *Prado* and other museums, and shopping for Spanish blankets

in the old town. One curious feature we see in the lower town, in front of the dry goods stores, is the squares of colored cloths behind glass, labeled "San Francisco," "Solidad," "Purissima," and many other names of saints. It was explained that when women suppliants ask a favor of a certain saint they vow to wear clothes of the saint's color for a year—and if their wish is granted, they order a dress of that color and wear no other color for the time stipulated in the vow. Sometimes the color of a saint is worn purely as an act of devotion.

Another peculiarly Spanish custom is the employment of the *sereno*, or night-watchman. This dignitary keeps the door-keys of all the houses on the street, and lets people into their houses after dark. He is summoned by clapping the hands. People do not, as a rule, carry individual keys. The *sereno* receives a fixed sum from each family monthly.

Segovia, January 9th.

Since leaving Madrid on the fifth I have had five busy days here, and expect to stay about that many more—am working like fury from dawn to dark—have six pictures under way and they are all coming fine—very strong, and some of the best stuff I have ever done. It is very lonesome here, but my painting keeps me occupied. I'm in no hurry to get back to Paris—the warm sunshine, the clear mountain air, and the tramping to and from my locations is putting me in the pink of condition. I have lots of color, sleep like a top and feel just fine.

I arrived here at the Hotel Comercio the other morning with all my baggage, and on the strength of my clothes was promptly shown into the best room in this little hotel. I inquired the price. Sixteen pesetas a day, meals included. I learned how to bargain long ago. Raised eyebrows and shoulders and asked for a room at twelve pesetas. Madame was called (she writes good French) and when she saw my painting outfit she said I could have "prix d'un artiste"—so I got this other room and three meals a day for eleven pesetas (about \$1.50).

It is a large, typically Spanish room right under the roof—the walls white-washed and the floor of large red tiles which are waxed and polished. Spanish-looking



My model, the Old Man of Lastrilla, and his faithful retainer

furniture, a typical *posada* room. Right under my balcony a little patio; beyond a wall another patio; then a miscellaneous collection of roofs rising one above the other up the hill until all are crowned with the great cathedral of tawny golden stone. I have a good bed, tho slightly wobbly. I get up in the morning and wash

with icy water in a basin—it's just like country life. The meals are well-cooked and very appetizing.

This is a town where you can sit and dream away the years if you want to. The air of age is everywhere, but it rests so lightly, so golden on everything—not with moss and black grime as in the north of Europe. It is not hard to realize that this was a thriving city a thousand years before Christ. And the great Roman aqueduct, nearly two thousand years old, marks a late date in the history of the city. In places the plaster on the lower walls of the houses has flaked off and you can see bricks peeping thru—flat, square Roman bricks. The city abounds with ancient Romansque churches.

Segovia is built upon a great mesa or rock about a mile long and half a mile wide, being surrounded on every side by a valley. Beyond rise the rolling uplands of Castille, gashed and grim and terrible, with scattered churches, monasteries and villages dotted about. Far away are the mountains, snow-capped in winter. All around Segovia, at the foot of the rock, little villages nestle up close. The edge of the rock is surrounded by the ancient Roman walls. At one extremity of the rock is a large castle, at the other end begins the Roman aqueduct, built of large granite blocks, which stretches across the valley. On the highest point of the rock is the cathedral—a fine Gothic structure, centuries old. The streets run every which way without plan or order. At every corner you get fascinating glimpses. One could paint thousands of pictures at Segovia and not exhaust all the subjects. For everything you see about you here, you might as well be living in the Middle Ages—and then a Ford or a Buick comes honking hurriedly into the

scene! The Spanish are fond of American cars. One sees more of them here than in France. In Madrid one notes especially Buicks, Chryslers, Cadillacs and Studebakers galore, not to mention Henry's own make.

I got my landscapes in order and wanted some figures for them. Wanted to start with an old Spanish woman, so I asked Madame yesterday if I knew of any old peasants I could use for models. It chanced there was a detective in the hotel at the moment—the police keep watch on the arrivals and departures at the hotels in Europe—so she spoke to him. I had visions of the police rounding up all the old women in Segovia, and of a long line of them waiting at the hotel door in the morning, demanding to be painted!

I was puzzled, at first, why Madame spoke to the police—but this is an artists' town, droves of them come here every summer, and it seems to be one of the duties of the police to scare up models for them! However, an old man beat the old women to it in the morning. He had come from the neighboring village of Lastrilla and I recognized in him at once one of Valentín's favorite models. I worked at a study of him all this morning and hope to finish Monday. The old fellow is a perfect type of Castilian peasant—grim weather-beaten face, kindly blue eyes, a broad-brimmed hat which was once velvet covered, peculiar clothes of blue homespun, a big plaid blanket, a crooked stick, and dirt! His feet are wrapped in gunny sack and he has sandals of raw-hide bound to his ankles with thongs. He brought his burro along, and I photographed them together, a very interesting pair. I turned away one old woman—I hope no more come—perhaps one or two, but not many.

(To be continued)



Reading from left to right are A. Lobsinger (Sun.), Mrs. F. Allera, Mrs. J. Pastore, Mrs. W. Mosby, F. Thornily (Jack Frost), Miss M. Watson, Miss G. Ford (Little Pine Tree), Mrs. K. Beechum, Mrs. A. Lobsinger (Tree Fairy), F. Allera, M. Crittenden (Wind), Norman Lobsinger, K. Beechum, Mrs. B. Beaver (chairman), Roland Browne, D. DeFazio (Santa Claus). Children, front row:—Joe Mosby; Mary, Virginia and Grace Beaver (Fairies).



When the older child interferes with the movement of the younger, trouble results.

Raging Youth

"The child does not have to learn temper; it is inborn," says Dr. Watson in this, the first of his thought-provoking articles on child training

By John B. Watson

Illustrated by Margarite De Angeli

(Reprinted, by permission, from *McCall's Magazine* for February)



INE!" says Jimmy the two-year-old.

"It isn't, it's mine; Mother make Jimmy give me my harmonica," says Billy the four-year-old. A fight ensues.

Billy wins out and Jimmy screams until he is black in the face.

Mother comes. She may try several different ways to straighten out the matter. Usually whatever she does is wrong. She may spank Billy for jerking the harmonica away from Jimmy, thus starting him off on a crying jag and a temper fit of his own, possibly sowing the first seeds of inferiority and cowardice in her older child. She may hug and kiss and pet the raging Jimmy, thus insuring rage behavior on his part the next time such a set-to occurs.

If she is a wise mother, she will have prepared herself in advance for just such a scene. When her children are so near together in age, she will have purchased identical toys for both boys. When a scene occurs she will go quietly and get the mate of the toy in question, take both the toys in her hands, show them and when crying stops offer them to the young hopefuls.

Neither youngster is to be blamed for the scene. It is perfectly natural for every young child to reach out for any object that catches his eyes. *Young children are*

born positive—i. e. to reach out for nearly all objects. Seeing the harmonica in Billy's hands, Jimmy reaches for it. It is only after we have suffered grief at the hands of mother, father, nurse or society for reaching out for forbidden objects that we come finally to withdraw our hands or our body from these objects. If, now, we could charge Billy's toys with electricity so that he could play with them with impunity but so arrange affairs that Jimmy would get shocked with the current whenever he reached for Billy's toys, then Jimmy would soon learn to keep his hands off Billy's toys. But in real nursery life toys cannot be charged with electricity. A row begins when the older (or stronger) boy forcibly takes something out of the hands of the younger boy, pushes his hands or shoves him. Note that the older boy does not actually hurt the younger (no pain stimulus is present); *He merely interferes with or hampers the movement of the younger.*

This stimulus, *hampering of movements* and it alone, will bring out a rage response even in the newborn. They do not have to learn temper—they do not have to learn to go into a rage. It is inborn. In some of our first experiments upon the newborn infant we tried to find out whether it could turn its eyes towards a source of light

without movement of the whole head. To test this we laid the child flat upon its back upon a mattress in a dark room. Immediately above its head we placed a very faint electric light. The light was arranged so that we could show it either to the right or the left of the infant's head. To keep the infant from turning its head, the experimenter held the head gently but firmly in his two hands. A soft cotton pad was placed on each side of the head so that the experimenter's hands did not come into direct contact with the scalp. Even when very little pressure was exerted upon the head the infant began to cry and, if we continued to hold its head, it went into a real fit of rage.

The same thing happens when we hold the feet together or the legs. In no case do we exert pressure enough to cause real pain. The response is first struggling, then crying, if the holding or hampering continues, the mouth opens wider and wider, the breath is held sometimes up to the point where not a sound can be heard, although the mouth is stretched to its fullest extent. The body grows rigid and the face become first flushed and then almost black. Here indeed is a new find in the laboratory. Rage or temper is a response which is present in the newborn and its stimulus is holding or hampering any part of the body. In other words, the emotional situation is quite similar to that of fear. In fear, you will recall, only loud sounds and loss of support will at first bring out the response.

Nor will any amount of training ever completely eliminate the rage response. Watch the angry looks and fights which occur in crowds. You yourself will stiffen up when somebody jostles you or sits so close to you that you can't read your paper. Watch the struggles of an individual who is tied up or locked up in a narrow closet. If you want an adult demonstration of this primitive reaction, try walking into a very crowded suburban car with a heavy suitcase that jostles and rubs against the people who are packed in around you.

In the newborn, temper is called out many times every day—in fact almost every time we dress, undress, or change them, unless we handle them very smoothly and carefully and quickly. The present mode of dressing a child seems eminently adapted to encourage rage behavior. After bathing him sometimes not too carefully from the standpoint of hampering we put a tight carefully woolen band on him. Then somehow without actually wrench-

ing his arms off, we put on a woolen shirt with sleeves. Next we roll him and twist him into a diaper and bundle him up so that his legs are never free for the eighteen months (at night for a much longer time). Then by a highly developed system of gymnastics we get a woolen petticoat over the head; then usually a white petticoat next goes over the head—if the head is still there! Nor does it help much to start the other way—by poking his feet through first. Finally we pull and twist him into shoes. Then we tug and pull him into a sweater. If the baby is going out, it must be pulled into a cloth coat with sleeves. And as the baby gets a little stouter the woolen things get a little smaller because of their various trips to the laundry.

The job of dressing becomes more and more of a gymnastic feat. Please understand that I am raising no quarrel with wool; it is very essential for the infant, so some medical authorities tell us. Nor have I very much to offer in the way of dress reform. I am merely bringing out the fact that dressing the infant with modern clothes gives us almost a pure experimental set-up for building in rage behavior.

So far we have talked only about the original stimulus to rage behavior. You will recall from my previous articles how fears and loves are built up in the home. Our experiments in the laboratory proved quite conclusively that we make children fear more and more objects and show attachments for more and more people and things. We call this a process of *conditioning*. These new fears we call conditioned fears, the new loves conditioned loves.

Conditioned rages and tempers grow up in the same way. Here is a youngster in front of me whose movements I have interfered with from the day of his birth. In order to carry out a certain test upon him. I hold his hands until they begin to stiffen. I shake him a little, sometimes hold his nose. This brings out the grasping reflex in the hands. I then slip a tiny stick into his hands. He grasps it tightly. I lift him and let him support himself over a feather pillow. Just the instant he begins to release his hold my assistant catches him. Nearly always he goes into a rage the moment this test starts. After three or four such tests the mere sight of my face drove the youngster into a rage. I no longer have to hamper his movement. A conditioned rage response has been built in.



Christmas at St. Ann's Church, New York City, 1927

A. L. PACH PHOTO

Motorcycle Trip to the West

By Russell David Diehl

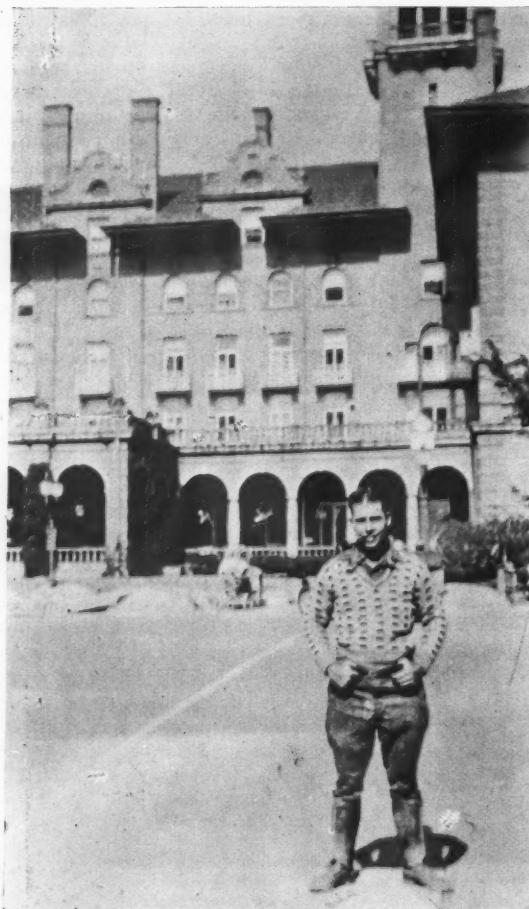


LEFT my home at Trafford, a small town (17 miles East of Pittsburgh) on July 3rd, and started West. My equipment consisted of a sleeping bag, axe, sheath knife, and a few extra clothes.

On the first day I went through Wheeling, W. Va., and Columbus, Ohio., and stopped for the night at the aeroplane field just outside of Dayton.

While watching the aeroplane a man asked me if I wanted to take a ride. I asked him how much it would cost, and he said it would cost one cent for each pound I weighed. I said I weighed 170 pounds and after looking me over from head to foot he seemed satisfied and said it would cost me \$1.70. I got in the plane and the flier gave me a ride over Dayton. The only thing I do not like about flying is when the ship comes down, then it seems as though you are going to be dashed to pieces on the ground. I enjoyed the ride though.

It was almost dark by this time and I rode through Dayton and out into the country looking for a place to park or rather camp for the night. I found a tourist camping ground and decided to stay there for the night.



At Colorado Springs

This was my first night out and the first time I had ever slept in my sleeping bag. My first thought was about

wild animals, but I laughed at myself as I know this was foolish in this part of the country. The sleeping bag was quite warm and I slept well all night as I was tired. When I woke up in the morning my bag was all covered with dew and very wet but I was dry.

I went to Indianapolis where I planned to attend a



Evergreen Tree Tribe Indian at the N. F. S. D. Convention

picnic of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. I found the picnic alright and stopped there. I had a good time and was introduced to many of the deaf there. I stayed until dark and went to the park to see the fire works. I started out from Indianapolis about 10 P.M. and tried to find a tourist camp, but could not locate it in the dark, so I put up for the night at a cabin which rented rooms to tourists.

In the morning I found my rear tire was flat. I pulled a finishing nail out of it, and after fixing started for St. Louis. I began to motor through some country which had been flooded, and saw where houses, fields and roads had been destroyed. The road was bad and at places ran through fields which were entirely under water and the road seemed just a couple of inches higher than the flood level. I made St. Louis that night after crossing the Mississippi River, which was very wide, and camped outside of St. Louis at a tourists camp ground.

The next morning I headed for Kansas City after patching another hole which I found in the rear tire. I had some trouble with my battery stand which almost fell off. When I reached Kansas City I got a good room at a hotel and took a bath and went to bed.

When I got up the next day I took my machine to a service station where I had them fix the battery stand.

At noon I started West again and ran into a number of detours, and the roads were very bad. They were mostly clay and very hard for a motorcycle to travel. I camped that night near Salina, Kansas.

The next day when I started out I took off my shirt and rode in my basket ball sweater. I started to make some speed but soon ran into a lot of sand road which gave me a lot of trouble and during the day I had two spills but was not hurt. I didn't do so bad on this road as I made 280 miles in 8 hours. I was now running through immense wheat fields which stretched as far as one could see in every direction. I camped this night at a small town, still in Kansas called Spring Basin. It was early in the evening but I was tired and my arms were badly burned and hurting very much, so I decided to rest a little. This little town reminded me of one of the cowboy towns I have seen in the movies with the men all loafing around the village store. I asked some of them why they did not carry guns and wear fur pants and they laughed and said that only Texas cowboys carried guns. They did wear high hats and high heeled boots though. They were good fellows and very friendly and treated me fine.

The next morning I started for Colorado Springs. The country was now hilly and there were many fine views from the top of some of them. I saw many Jack rabbits and cattle along the roads. There were ranches here and there and some desert land, too, although people were to be seen living even here. I was very much interested in this country and decided that I was in the West at last. I examined many of the ranches and found them interesting. I thought about the pioneers who had travelled over this same road and the Indian fights they must have had from their covered wagons. The road was still sandy and the going very good. I went through Limon, Colorado, heading toward Colorado Springs and soon could see the Rocky Mountains in the distance. I made 35 miles before I reached Colorado Springs and the mountains and was very surprised that I could see so far. You can see for many miles in this flat country and things seem closer than they really are. About 8 miles on this side of Colorado Springs while crossing a bridge I got a nail in my tire and it went flat again. It was the rear tire again and I was disgusted. I fixed it and rode into Colorado Springs where I loafed for a while in the evening. I was told that the Deaf School was

this I went to Denver where I attended the National Convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf where I spent one week. I met Mr. and Mrs. Roller from Akron whom I had met along the road, and who were also attending the convention. They had driven there in a Flint roadster.

After the week's convention I left Denver and started further West. I was now riding up the Rocky Moun-



Troutdale Rodeo ground at the N. F. S. D. Convention

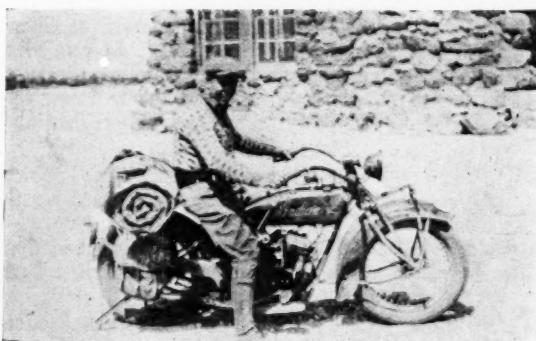
tains. I camped and cleaned the spark plugs and cylinder caps, and adjusted the valves that night. It was very cold here as the elevation was 11,000 feet and I was very near, in fact in sight of a number of snow caps on the mountains.

I motored on up the mountains the next day and reached Craig, Colorado, where I stopped for the night. I had trouble with my rear wheel, in which I found the bearing was broken. I took it to the garage here to be fixed before I camped.

The next day I started out of Craig and before I had gone very far I saw hundreds of horses on the road. I did not know how to scare them away and did not know whether they would wreck me or not, as there were so many of them. Finally when I headed through them they began to run away and some raced with me. I was nervous and glad to get rid of them, so ran about 50 miles per hour. One of them raced with me for a little ways but soon gave up and turned back. Many times before I had trouble with cattle on the road, but never as much trouble as with these horses. I stopped at a gas station soon for a drink of water, but could not drink it as it was dirty and had a bad taste. I camped this night on what seemed to me to be a desert.

I was a little worried about rattlesnakes and wild animals, but they did not bother me. I could not sleep, though, on account of the ants and mosquitoes. I had to be patient and bear them.

The next day I motored all day across the Utah Desert. The road was covered with Rocky Mountain crickets which covered the road by the thousands for a stretch of 2 miles. I noticed that thousands were smashed by cars but the road was still covered and they did not seem to have sense enough to get off. I had to run through them and after that my puttees were all covered with blood from them. I stopped soon for a rest, but was greatly bothered by big flies that flew around me in swarms and bit me. Maybe the mess made by the smashed crickets drew them. I had to start out again to get away from them. The scenery around here was very beautiful and there were many wonderful colors playing around the peaks of the mountains. The scenery made me forget about being tired. I stopped at a small village for some water but it was still no good, and I could not see how people could drink such stuff. I



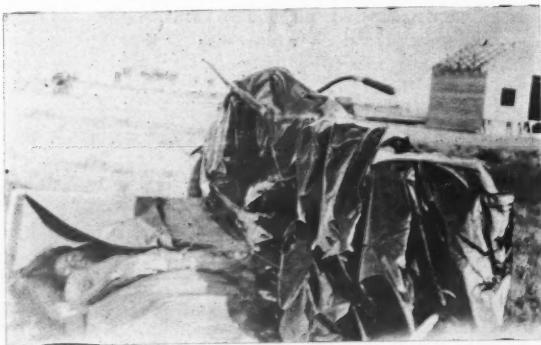
This picture was taken at 10,317 feet—Washburn mountain in Yellowstone Park

about 20 blocks from where I was staying that night, but I was very tired and went to my room in the hotel and tried to take a bath. My arms were very badly sunburned and they hurt when I tried to bathe, but I finally got washed and went to bed.

In the morning I rode in a bus to Pikes Peak and saw the Cave of the Winds which was very pretty. After

figured I must wait until I got to Salt Lake City before I could get a drink. The road was one way here most of the time and covered with sand and mud which made it very dangerous. I almost fell over the mountain at one curve. I was almost to Salt Lake City when the rear tire blew out again. I was very disgusted and felt too lazy to take the wheel off. I smoked my pipe and rested until I felt better. I then worked on the tire, but discovered I had no rubber to patch it with. I walked four miles to a farmer's house and got some patches from him. On the way back to my machine I suddenly noticed that a brook I was passing was clear. I tasted it and found it was real pure water. I drank it and it certainly tasted good. I then patched the tube and then went back and had another good drink. I then started toward Salt Lake City, but after going a mile or so I decided to go back and get still another as I was afraid I wouldn't find any more good water. I drank until I was full.

I reached Salt Lake City after running for a little while, and the first thing I noticed were the hundreds of fountains of pure water in the town. I drank again. The next time I make a trip I will carry a water bottle along. I got a room in the town and met a bunch of deaf people and talked with them for a while. The next day I bought a new tire at a Service Station. I believe that sand wears out tires much faster than paved roads.



Camping on the West trip

I saw the Utah capitol and then went to Saltair where there was an exposition and bathing beach. The water is 22% salt and I was surprised to find that it is impossible to sink, and everyone floats around with no effort at all. I got some of the water in my eyes and they burned terribly and I was blind for a few minutes. I was careful after this. I watched the hundreds of lake birds flying around the lake and after talking to some deaf people I met for a while, I went to bed.

The next day I packed my clothes and started for Yellowstone Park. I decided to give up my trip to California, because I did not have enough time, as I had promised to be back at work by August 1st and it was now July 21st. I saw the Mormon temple before I left and then made Logan that night where I stopped for a room.

I rode all the next day toward Yellowstone Park. The road was good and paved most of the way. I camped this night in a forest near a creek about 58 miles from the Park. I camped alone this night.

The next day I reached the entrance of Yellowstone Park where I paid the dollar toll and entered. A Ranger gave me a law book and asked me if I carried a gun with me. I told him the only weapons I had were my sheep's knife and an axe. He said all right and let me pass. I went to the Old Faithful Park and looked over many of the geysers and camped for the night at Thumb Park.

I loafed around the Park that evening and saw many bears. I then made a fire and after smoking my pipe and reading the law book the Ranger gave me, went to sleep.

In the early morning a bear tripped on my leg and wakened me, but I went to sleep again. I was again awakened by a bear nosing around my feet and under them and then I turned over on my left side and there was a bear smelling my face. I was frightened at first and scared the bear away. I got up after this and although many people near me were still sleeping I could not sleep any more. I made a fire and kept myself warm. I watched a bear open the door of a sedan and steal a loaf of bread. Another bear was playing in a touring car trying to find something to steal. It was very funny and I got a good laugh. The bears were not altogether tame and many people have been bitten by them. One man fed a bear when it came around to him but it bit his left side for some reason or other.

I ran through Lake Park, and Fall Canyon, and then climbed up the Wasburn Mountains to a height of 10,317 feet above sea level before I came down into Lower Fall Park. My brake burnt out coming down this hill and smoked clear to Mammouth Park. There are a great many hot springs here and a great many very beautiful rock formations. One of the rocks is called Cleopatra's Terrace and is a wonderful sight. I saw some buffaloes here. I had some trouble with my carburetor but fixed it and stopped for the night at Norris Park.

The next morning I looked around the lower geyser basins at Norris Park and started East. I left Yellowstone Park by its Eastern gate and headed for Cody. The mountains were very beautiful on the way to Cody. The road in a number of places went under the mountains by means of tunnels. It started to rain when I almost reached Cody. I looked over the Buffalo Bill Museum here and then after putting on my rain suit started East again. My rear tire went flat and I fixed it. I ran till dark and camped alone on the desert. I washed my face in a river nearby and went to sleep, but could not get much rest as there were many ants and mosquitoes to bother me.

The next day I rode all day and stopped at Douglas, Wyoming, where I got a room for the night. I could have camped again, but I was tired of the desert and wanted to sleep in a bed.

The next morning I rode till I reached Cheyenne, Wyoming, where I looked over three planes at the Cheyenne field. They were new monoplanes and reminded me of the pictures of the plane Lindy took to Paris. I went to the frontier show at Cheyenne where I saw the rodeo. It was a wonderful show and better than the circus.

The next day I rode all day over a clay road which was wet and slippery part of the time, and reached North Platte, Neb., where I got a room and went to sleep.

I made Omaha, Neb., the next day and camped that night. I washed my shirt, socks, and underwear here and took a shower in the camp ground.

The next day I took my machine to a Service Station where I had the rear wheel fixed. After I had gone some distance it began to rain very hard and I had to stop and camp. I crawled in my sleeping bag and smoked till dark when I went to sleep.

Early the next morning I headed East and made 310 miles and stopped at Clinton, Iowa, where I got a room.

I made Chicago the next day and stayed here for three days with my friend Ed. Krantz. I saw a lot of the town and also got to see a number of deaf people, some of whom I had met the convention in Denver.

I left Chicago in the afternoon and when I stopped that night I camped and cleaned my spark plugs and adjusted valves before going to sleep.

In the early morning I started again and was now in a hurry to get home. I went through Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland. I made as much as 70 miles per hour for quite a distance this day. I could not find a good camping ground and so camped at a cross roads this night. I was afraid a policeman would say something to me if he caught me here, but I did not see any. I made 380 miles this day in 10 hours which is a good record.

The next day I headed through Youngstown, New

Castle, Butler and Pittsburgh toward home. I stopped in Pittsburgh and attended a meeting of the N. F. S. D. before going to my home in Trafford. My family were glad to see me and I started to work on Monday (I got home Saturday) August 8th.

I had a fine and a great experience on this motorcycle trip. I was thrown from my machine on sand roads 7 times, my rear tire was flat 9 times and I made approximately 5000 miles. I hope to make the trip again. I am rather disappointed that I had to give up my plans to California when I was at Salt Lake City, and the next time hope to go clear to the Pacific Coast.

Second Exhibition of the International Salon of Deaf Artists

By Kelly H. Stevens

PERHAPS the only organization of the deaf having members from four continents is the *Salon International des Artistes Silencieux*. This Salon was founded in November, 1926, and given a legal status by French law. Its founder is Francois Crolard, a young French sculptor, and his collaborators in organizing the Salon are Marguerite and Maurice Colas, hearing friends of the deaf of France, and Valentin de Zubiaurre.

The *Salon Silencieux* is a permanent organization. Its purpose is to unite the deaf artists of all countries, by

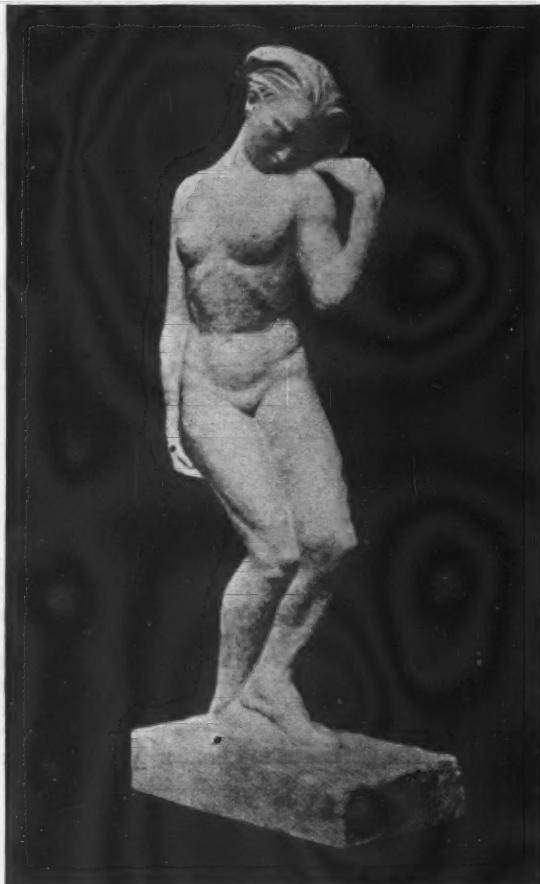
affording them the chance to exhibit their works in Paris and other European art centers. Too often, deaf artists of merit are buried in obscure places, their talents hidden from the world, and their efforts to exhibit repulsed by art-dealers and the managers of museums and galleries. It is to find and bring out the real talent of many deaf artists, by showing their wares to the world, that the *Salon Silencieux* was founded. Firmly organized under French statute, it has succeeded in obtaining powerful backing in France, due to the untiring efforts of Mademoiselle Colas and her brother Maurice and of



Distinguished visitors at the exhibition. Left to right: Jean Hanau; M. Alfred Pereire; Senor Valentin de Zubiaurre; Senor Jose de' Cubas, Spanish Consul at Paris; Senor Luis Doreste, Secretary of the Spanish Ambassador; Mademoiselle Colas; Monsieur Crolard; Senor Cabot; Senor Andueza; Senor Ibarrondo.

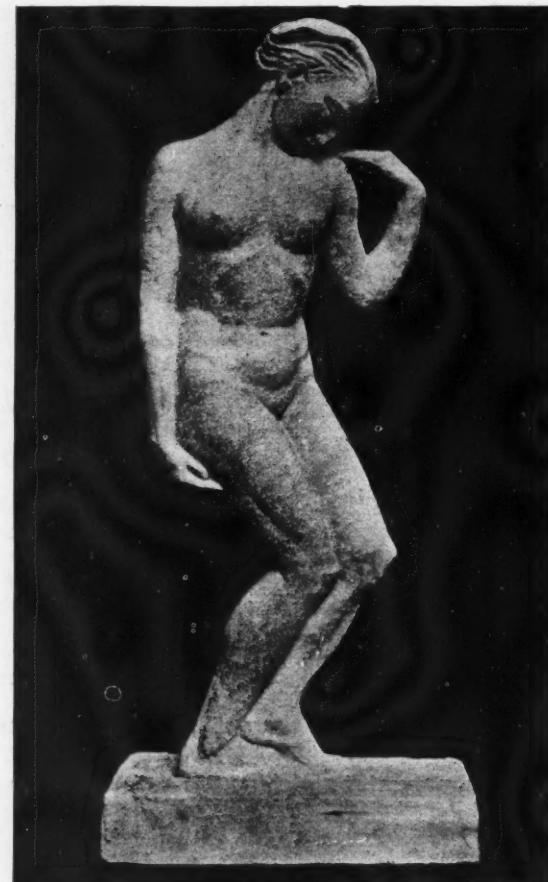
Alfred Pereire, an influential friend of the deaf. On its lists of patrons are the very highest names in the art

The first exhibition of the Salon two years ago was in the nature of an experiment. It proved so successful,



Two views of "Vestale," a decorative sculpture by Francois Crolard which received much favorable comment

world of France. They are: Paul Leon, National Director of Fine Arts; Albert Besnard, Director of the National School of Fine Arts (the celebrated Beaux-



and drew such favorable comment in the press, that it was decided to give the Salon a legal status, and to give regular annual or bi-ennial exhibition. The plan is to



The Italian Section

Arts); M. Verne, Director of the National Museums; M. Masson, Director of the Luxembourg Museum; M. Metman, Director of the Museum of Decorative Arts; M. Couyba, Director of the National School of Decorative Arts; and Mms. Sulpis and Landowski, Members of the Institute.



A corner devoted to the Netherlands

hold exhibitions in various European capitals, turn about, depending upon the inducements offered, but showing in Paris more frequently than anywhere else. The Association hopes to exhibit in the United States in the near future, if it receives enough encouragement from the deaf of America and their friends to warrant the undertaking.

The success of the Second Exhibition, held at the Reit-

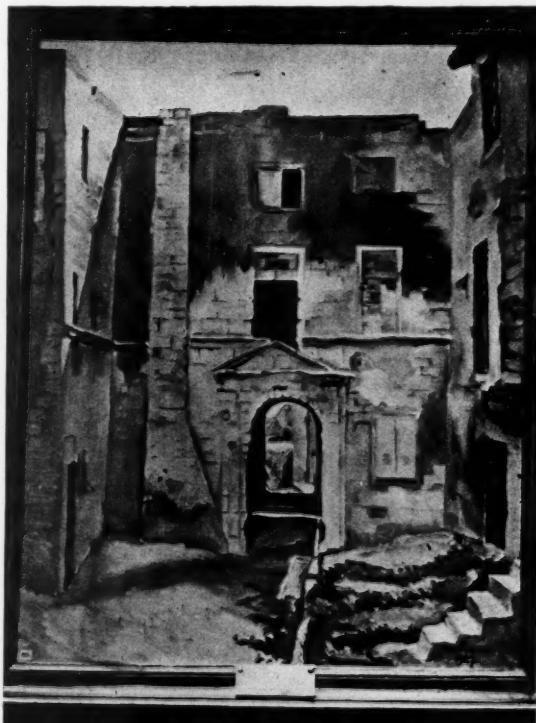
linger Galleries in Paris from December 1st to 15th, 1927, was even greater than that of the first. In addition to the prominent men noted above, there were on the list of patrons the Ambassadors of the United States, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Argentina, and Consuls from several other countries.

The vernissage or private pre-view was held on the 30th of November. Many of the artists exhibiting had



Sculptures by French artists. On the wall, paintings by the Americans, Phillips Lewis and Kelly Stevens

come from Spain, Holland and Belgium to be present at the opening. Among the important officials present were Paul Leon, Minister of Fine Arts; Masson of the Luxembourg; Luis Doreste, representing the Ambassador of Spain; Jose de Cuba, the Spanish Consul-General; Metmann of the Arts-Decratis; Deshairs; Alfred Pereire, and representatives of all the Consulates.



"An Old Corner, Villeneuve-les-Avignon," by Jean Hanau. Bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum

The big surprise of the exhibition was not long in coming. After having studied the exhibition in detail,



The Spanish Section. At the right may be seen four paintings by Valentin de Zubiaurre

Monsieur Paul Leon officially announced the purchase of the painting "Villeneuve-les-Avignon" by the rising young French painter, Jean Hanau, for the Government's National Museum of the Luxembourg. This is the greatest honor that can come to any French artist, in fact to any living artist. The choice of M. Leon



"Love Eternal" by Francois Crolard

delighted all present, and the good news was quickly spread, all those present heaping Monsieur Hanau with congratulations. This young painter deserves all the recognition accorded him. Not yet thirty, he has attained the highest honor his country can bestow in the line of art. In the near future, the SILENT WORKER will present several of his works, with the story of his life.

Other sales were of a lithograph by Landais, and two

wooden statuettes by Tirefort. The latter were bought by the Universal Museum of the Deaf in Paris, for its collection.

The exhibits were numerous and varied, and were of a professional standard throughout. Highlights of the exhibition were the Spanish exhibits, which maintained



Part of the French Section, showing three large paintings by Jean Hanau, which were the sensations of the exhibition

a high general level of artistic quality. Valentin de Zubiaurre showed four paintings of Spanish life in his usual subtle style. The "find" in this section was Angel Garavilla, a young Spaniard possessed of extraordinary

talent, who showed views of the Basque coast towns, Mtrico and Ondarroa. Juan de Ibarrondo pleased with the naviete of his two scenes of Avila. Manuel Iglesias showed one of his typical peasant heads. Near the Spaniards were the Argentinians, represented by Jose Terry, who has a painting in the foreign section of the Luxembourg, and his two sisters.

France was naturally the best represented in numbers. Her outstanding artist was Jean Hanau, whose three pictures made a good group, very modern and powerful. The sculptors Hamar and Crolard vied with each other. Hamar showed a bust of Henri Gaillard in bronze, and a bust of Eugene Graff, both being striking likenesses and some decorative statues. Crolard was represented by the decorative statue "Vestal" which was one of the high-lights of the exhibit, and a perfect bust of Rene Hirsch, startling in its truth to the model. The water colors of Mademoiselle Pfeiffer received much favorable comment. Other French artists who showed were Sturla, Lambert, Gavy, Chatel, Moureau, Mialet, Levasseur,

The Dutch were splendidly represented by Brouwer who had two fine Dutch landscapes, and by Langeraad, who had a drawing. Brouwer is well known in Europe, and has had considerable success. His pictures of old Dutch towns, sleeping along their canals, are charming, and display great technical excellence.

The United States was represented by Phillips Lewis, who showed two California landscapes of promise: "Clouds" giving a view of San Francisco and the Golden Gate, and "Summer Cottage." A New Mexico picture



A group of exhibitors. Left to right: Jean Hanau, French; Jose Cabot, Spanish; F. Hamar, French; Levasseur, French; P. Weyl, French; Boisselot, French; V. de Zubiaurre, Spanish; Juan de Ibarrondo, Spanish; Rene Hirsch, French; Francois Crolard, French, and founder of the Salon; Florentino Andueza, Spanish. Seated, Mademoiselle Marguerite Colas.

"Before the Mass, Laguna" was shown by Kelly Stevens. This last picture is reproduced on the cover for this month.

On the last wall were a collection of decorative designs by artists of all countries, and in a glass case four beautiful hand-tooled book-bindings by Vilem B. Hauner of Prague. Euglogio Blasco, the Spanish artist, showed some beautiful specimens of his work in hammered copper and wrought iron.

During the course of the exhibition, a meeting of the

governing committee was held. It was decided to hold the next exhibition of the Salon in May, 1928, in Madrid, Spain. Valentín de Zubiaurre has secured the use of the new exhibition rooms in the Circolo de Bellas Artes, one of the most remarkable buildings devoted to art purposes in the whole world. Deaf American artists wishing to join the Salon Silencieux and to exhibit with it are urged to get in touch with its American representative, Kelly H. Stevens, as little time remains before the Madrid Exhibition.

The Argonaut.

By J. W. Howson

MR. ELWOOD A. STEVENSON, superintendent of the Minnesota School for the Deaf, has been appointed head of the California School for the Deaf, succeeding Dr. Caldwell, retired. In addition to his duties with the state school, Mr. Stevenson has been put in charge of the nine day schools in the state. He also will have charge of a teachers' training class for the deaf, which class will be inaugurated under the jurisdiction of The Teachers' Training College of San Francisco. These appointments were announced simultaneously, following a meeting of the State Board of Education, by William John Cooper, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Thus will the direct control of all instruction of the deaf in the state of California, except that of a private nature, be placed under Mr. Stevenson. The policy of the present administration to centralize all government activities, including all education policies is thus shown by putting the entire public educational system for training the deaf in the state under one head. Press dispatches quote Mr. Cooper as stating that the educational system for the deaf of the state is weak. The day schools are not functioning properly; they are too small to give proper training in the trades. Should Mr. Stevenson,

so he states, in his inspection of the day schools, find a boy or a girl in need of training in tailoring or in millinery, then that boy or girl will be sent to the state school,



Another view of the "Flappers." Mrs. Eunice Harris and daughter, Mrs. May B. Cooper; Mrs. Hannah Runde and son W. S. Runde; Mrs. Fannie Berry and son, George W. Berry; Mrs. Mary Howson and son, J. W. Howson; Mrs. Mary Kirk and daughter, Mrs. Esther Martin. Close observers profess to see a lot of resemblance between mothers and their offspring.

which will be amply prepared to impart the necessary instruction. Furthermore, there will be no lack of well-trained teachers, as Mr. Stevenson's class in The Teachers' College will supply any deficiency.

The deaf of the state are uncommonly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Stevenson. He was invited to California last summer by the California State Association of the Deaf to give a series of lectures in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Superintendent Cooper, whom rumor states was much inclined towards the pure oral method of educating the deaf, attended the lecture given in San Francisco. There he watched how clearly and graphically Mr. Stevenson addressed an audience of adult deaf, carrying to them through the medium of the sign language, thought after thought. He learned that all methods of teaching the deaf are necessary in a comprehensive system of instructing the deaf. Above all he mingled with the audience itself and could see at first hand the marvelous result of applying to the child the method best fitted to his needs. For there were in that



This group of "Flappers of the Sixties" as the press referred to them, are all mothers of members of the faculty of the California School for the Deaf. Left to right they are Mrs. Eunice Harris, aged 77; Mrs. Hannah Runde, 80; Mrs. Fannie H. Berry, 81; Mrs. Mary Howson, 82; Mrs. H. K. Kirk, 88. The picture was taken on the grounds of the school.

audience deaf men and women of ability and character, economic assets to the state which had expended money liberally in their education and training. Little wonder is it that Mr. Cooper, who has one of the greatest detail jobs in the country, has been glad to shift on to Mr. Stevenson's shoulders that portion of it which refers to



Richard Charles Mathews, aged 3 years.

the education of the deaf, in order that he may attend to the numerous other problems which the vast educational system of the state, with its hundreds of thousands of children, entails.

Mr. Stevenson brings to California, youth, vitality, ability, and experience, qualities which have not all been present at any one time in the administrative affairs pertaining to the education of the deaf within the last four decades. His is a tremendous job, yet much is expected of him. The system of educating the deaf is, in this state, as Mr. Cooper states, weak. There has been too much pulling in all directions. Likely it will be Mr. Stevenson's duty to weld all factions into one harmonious whole. To do this there will necessarily be yielding on all sides. The deaf of the state will be the great gainers. No one man in any state in the history of the education of the deaf has had the responsibilities thrust upon him as Mr. Stevenson has and the rewards which a successful accomplishment to duties entails, will be correspondingly as great.

* * *

At the same time that the Board of Education confirmed Mr. Stevenson's appointment, they also set at rest, so far as they were concerned, the future site of the state school. That the present site should be the permanent home of the school they indicated by instructing Mr. Stevenson to erect a fence between the schools for the deaf and the blind, and to allow this to settle the question as to the removal of the school. There was too much

opposition to the removal they said. Part of this opposition came from the alumni of the school, who for sentimental reasons wished the present site retained. Other opposition came from people who feared that the removal would work an injustice to the deaf. Talk about providing additional agricultural land for the pupils at a more rural locality was counteracted by Supt. Cooper's statement that he had taken up this matter with many authorities and they had been united in affirming that the deaf did not as a class take kindly to cultivation of the soil. As the vote of the Board to retain the present site was unanimous, their attitude indicates that there will be no removal of the school. However, there is a committee of six members of the Legislature investigating the school and their opinions of the future of the school will be reported to the next session of the Legislature. While such a report will carry great weight, it is hardly presumed that they will make recommendations contrary to the expert advice which has already been tendered. In fact, what testimony their independent research has adduced, so far, indicates that extensive betterments to the existing plant are now in order.

* * *

The very latest reports from the Board of Education brings the information that Supt. Cooper recommends that the Junior Colleges, Polytechnic Schools for the Blind and the Deaf, and all special schools falling wholly within the jurisdiction of the state board be placed under a State Director of Education, with the balance of the elementary schools supervised by a State Superintendent of Schools. This will divide the work and responsibility. It is evident that Mr. Cooper finds the task of attending to the educational needs of the youth of the state of considerable magnitude. But he denies through the press that he will accept the superintendency of the San Diego schools, which has been offered to him, or of the Berkeley schools in which a vacancy now exists. These positions pay more than the state post, yet Mr. Cooper announces that he intends to stick by his present job until the governor's plan of reorganization is realized. In view of the close association which he is maintaining with the school for the deaf and the proximity of Mr. Stevenson's assumption of office, it will be well for the deaf that Mr. Cooper continue at the helm.

* * *

Another matter may soon loom of state-wide interest to the deaf of California. This is the so-called Labor Bureau bill. While its legal status is not exactly such, being placed under another department of the government, the real reason for its lying dormant is the fact it carries no apportionment of money. When money is provided to pay the salary and expenses of some one who will give his entire time to the duties of the office, then one may expect results. But these results will be of no real value unless the head of the bureau is a competent person, familiar with the needs of the deaf. There will also be the further necessity that the office function solely with the idea of bringing competent jobless deaf in contact with employers who need the services which the deaf applicant is capable of furnishing. If the office is tainted with an eleemosynary or charitable atmosphere, then it will work an actual harm to the deaf. To endeavor to place incompetent deaf workmen or the not-to-be-trusted floating riff-raff from other states in jobs which they may not only not be capable of performing but may not even attempt to hold, will discredit the general mass of hard-working, reliable deaf in all such establishments as may be disappointed in the first deaf employees they have had experience with. In such a case it would be better that the bureau did not exist. The state maintains employment bureaus for the hearing.

These are free. In competition with them are private pay employment bureaus. Many employers claim that their experience has shown them that the pay bureaus furnish far superior material. Many of those engaged through the free bureaus are incompetent and stay only a few days; others do not even show up for work.

♦ ♦ ♦

The deaf as a class, that is the sign-making portion of them, are, for want of a better word, fiercely independent. This is well demonstrated by some of the arguments going on locally between them and the hard of hearing.



Lula Patricia Mathews, aged 14 months. These bright, fine looking and well disposed children are the son and daughter of deaf parents. Their father Charles Mathews is handy with tools and fond of machinery and has little difficulty getting work. He has been with his present employers, the local U. S. L. Battery plant for four years and is rated one of the best of their employees. Though only 26 years old he already owns two houses and is rapidly assuming his full duties as the head of an American family.

It seems that the hard of hearing are recipients of aid from the local Community Chest. Now the Community Chest is a charitable organization. It is a sort of combination of all local charities and receives contributions from all sources. Many of the deaf contribute to it. Some of its contributions to organizations might well be looked upon in the light of promotion work. Nevertheless the idea of charity pervades it. Especially must this be so in the case of the deaf. It seems that the impression has gone out that when a firm contributes, for example, several thousand dollars to the Community Chest, that allotted portion which is submitted in the Chest's budget, destined for the hard-of-hearing is for all the deaf. The average employer's idea of the deaf

is that portion which he sees on the street corner sling signs. Consequently, when one of these deaf whose clubs and organizations in this state, have to the best of my knowledge, never received a dollar of the public's money in the sense of charity, when one of these deaf, as I say, appears before a firm which has contributed to the Chest, he is at once looked upon as an object of charity. This, as the deaf figure out, hurts their chances of employment. They want it to be distinctly understood that they are not receiving aid from the Chest. If the hard of hearing are beneficiaries, the signing deaf want it to be so understood. There is a third class of the deaf, the oralists, who have no clear comprehension of what it is all about. They have not and never will have the numerous personal contacts the signing deaf have, and are not in a position to form definite conclusions. All this has led to some very heated arguments, which have nearly led to blows. The sooner the general public learns about the real conditions affecting the deaf and the Chest, the better.

♦ ♦ ♦

An unusual gathering took place, recently, on the grounds of the state school for the deaf in Berkeley. This was a meeting of five mothers of five members of the faculty of the school. As the former are quite well along in years, the age of the latter can be surmised. The five mothers were: Mrs. Fannie H. Berry, 81, mother of Geo. W. Berry, acting principal of the school; Mrs. Hannah Runde, 80, mother of W. S. Runde; Mrs. Mary H. E. Kirk, 88, mother of Mrs. Esther K. Martin; Mrs. Eunice Harris, 77, mother of Mrs. May B. Cooper, and Mrs. Mary H. Howson, 82, mother of J. W. Howson. All were born in middle western states except Mrs. Runde who came from England. The states represented were Missouri, Ohio, Iowa and Illinois. The ladies recounted many interesting experiences of by-gone days. Mrs. Harris told of her conversation with Lincoln. Mrs. Howson recounted her first air-plane ride which took place last summer in Kentucky. It is interesting to note that the oldest of the group, Mrs. Kirk, has never worn glasses. Press notices referred to the gathering as "Flappers of the Sixties."

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Baltimore Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, I have received a calendar. The same now reposes upon the walls of the graduating class of the state school for the deaf. It is from such boys as these that the Society is to receive most of its recruits. Young members are vital to the continued growth and existence of the society. On the other hand, the society itself is so strong financially and otherwise that none of our young deaf graduates can make a better investment financially and socially than in joining its ranks. And the sooner the society is brought into contact with its budding prospects, the better for all concerned.

Tell me, friend, oh tell me!
Who was Paul Revere?
Do Jersey cows wear jerseys?
Is near beer very near?
Are bumble bugs bugs?
And why are rugs?
Do swallows swallow fast?
Are highbrows really always high?
Do flies like to be cast?

And if you think I'm going bats,
Be lenient, worthy brother,
I'm merely getting goofy from
That darned "Ask Me Another."

With The Silent Workers

By Alexander L. Pach

 AM SURE it will interest my readers to know that during 1927 the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf actually became a million dollar corporation, and it began the year 1928 with \$964,058.33 of it, and a long about May first of this year it will actually be a million dollar affair.

In all the history of the deaf, there is nothing approaching the success of this organization.

What a source of gratification this must be to President Gibson in particular, as he toils in his office in a Chicago skyscraper, and recalls what the organization was when he took hold of it!

Perhaps it was due to the glorious record of the N. F. S. D. that brought about the "bornin" of a newcomer, announced in a recent issue of this magazine, and a Mr. Laudie Von Blonsky, who ever he may be, tells the deaf world that the "Beneficial Union of the Deaf" has been launched in Washington, Pa., and without respect to age, and in the absence of a medical examination, all the deaf can join and send Mr. Laudie Von Blonsky \$5 to join, and \$2.50 every month for ten years, when Mr. Laudie Von Blonsky will pay back \$500, supposing of course that you can then locate Mr. Laudie Von Blonsky.

In ten years you will have entrusted Mr. Laudie Von Blonsky with \$305 and lost the interest on your money.

Nothing is said about sick or death benefits. Nothing is stated as to who is to safeguard the funds.

In the initial paragraph it is stated that this new lodge will be of great benefit to the deaf, and I can agree with that—to the benefit of the deaf man who gets hold of the \$2.50 per month.

Anyway, that is a real cute name, Laudie Von Blonsky. Listens a lot like Lauder!

It has started already.

The Convention Bureau of the city of Buffalo sends out the announcement that there is to be a Convention of 7,000 MUTES, in Buffalo in 1930. Of course the publicity man is featuring "mutes." There is something of a "circusy" glamour about a convention of mutes, where, if the announcement was made that the National Association of the Deaf is to hold a convention the news would be of but passing interest, but "7,000 mutes," to the ignoramus listen like music.

And there won't be 7,000 mutes, nor yet 7,000 deaf people at the convention, and if there are one thousand it will be a big affair, but press agents will be press agents.

Though here it is only February, and ten months to go, it looks as if Troy Hill, the long horned gent, is going to be an easy winner of the 1928 *non sequitur* prize annually given by this department.

Jimmy Meagher won it last year with his story of the victim of a hold up in Chicago, and then announcing that if the victim had been a member of the N. A. D., the robbery wouldn't have occurred.

Now here comes Troy telling how he wanted the N. F. S. D. 1931 Convention awarded to Texas because Texas had gone over its quota in the matter of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, a matter that is entirely

separate from the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Of course, Texas should get its proper need of praise for having done its full duty in the memorial matter, but what has a Frat convention to do with a Gallaudet College matter?

The Gallaudet memorial should be completed, there is no question about that, but one of the most eminent of the graduates of the college, the late Reverend Dr. J. H. Cloud, did not think a building erected by the deaf was the best form of memorial to Edward Miner Gallaudet.

A good many of us, non-collegians, though subscribers to the fund, agree with Dr. Cloud in the matter.

As has been stated here before, the United States Government can furnish all necessary housing conditions when the college needs come about, so it would seem that a more fitting memorial should be brought about, and a more fitting memorial in the opinion of this writer, a rank outsider in college matters, would be in furnishing the benefits that a college education confers on at least one more deaf man or woman than is now possible.

If the income from the fund went to help needy students through college, or was enabled to make loans for that purpose it seems to one who knew and admired Edward Miner Gallaudet, he, if living, would approve the project a thousand fold more than he would a building erected and named in his honor.

Then the amounts arbitrarily fixed which graduates and former students are requested to put up are in many instances embarrassing to those who are taxed, and who, in many instances regard the amount entirely too large, though in other cases the amount required is a mere pittance, that is, to the well to do, so the principle involved, taxing all alike, does not seem equitable.

A graduate of the college told me he wrote out his check for more than the amount called for, and after addressing the envelope, read over a circular that had just reached him, and which acted as a reminder to him.

He read the circular over and took offense at a statement which, in effect stated that the contributor who gave a small amount showed he had a small heart, and thereupon he destroyed his first check and wrote another for half the first sum he had intended giving.

When a man gives all he can afford to a project he is doing his all, and it is in no way indicative of the size of his heart.

I wonder what becomes of all the "second Helen Kellers."

Every little while there is publicity concerning some blind-deaf girl, and invariably she gets the label of "second Helen Keller," and then that's the end of it.

Speaking of Helen Keller, only the other day the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* sent a writer to Helen's home out in Forest Hills, and the result was an interview with Mrs. Macy, who, among other things, stated that the first things she taught Helen was the word "water," and she taught it by means of the manual alphabet.

The writer tells the world that Helen reads English,

French, German and Italian, and translates freely from Latin and Greek, and speaks a fairly fluent French and German.

While the oral wing have claimed Helen's accomplishments being largely due to speech and lip reading, Mrs. Macy gives the credit, and rightly, to the manual alphabet.

While Helen has been featured as a lecturer, and did vaudeville stunts on big and little time circuits I have never seen any mention of a love affair that was spoken of in great detail, and which was frustrated by her teacher just as Helen was on the point of an elopement.

Some day, maybe that will come out, and many will sympathize with the girl who could not marry the man of her choice.

The San Francisco *Bulletin*, of January 11th, printed a feature story concerning a little deaf and dumb boy, six years old, who after a brief career in the Gough Oral School of that city, is no longer dumb.

The boy's parents are very poor, and he is getting this wonderful cure in the Gough Oral School because his home town, Kiwanis, Rotary and the Red Cross, chip in and pay \$55 per month for his education, but he is only at the Gough School for his lessons, it seems, and he has to board at the Nursery for Homeless Children, and the funds for that come out of the community chest, and readers of the *Bulletin* are asked not to forget the community chest. Comment superfluous.

On September first next Mr. Elwood A. Stevenson takes charge, not only of the California School for the Deaf and Blind, but making an innovation, he is at the head of all schools for the deaf in the State of California which, in time, of course will end the exploitation of little deaf children made to serve as a blind, pretty much as the pencils in the alleged deaf dumb beggar's hat that serves him as a means of getting the big hearted public's dollars.

It is peculiarly and gratifyingly satisfying to us New Yorkers watching Mr. Stevenson go up. From Gallaudet College he went straight to the great New York school, where he served both in the educational and administrative departments, giving him unusual advantages and equipment for his future needs, and then superintendent of the Kansas school, principal of the Kentucky school and superintendent of the Minnesota school, all added to the talents that enable to succeed in the highest sense of the word in California.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson know deafness in its innermost details; both are children of talented deaf parents. Each know educational methods as used in teaching the deaf, and how to apply them. Neither are victims of theories. Under these circumstances they take with them an equipment that no other married pair of educators were ever equipped with, so they are under no handicap and are wedded to no methods that only bring disaster to unfortunate deaf people.

In the beginning, they were wanted in California by the California Association of the Deaf, and no state association of the deaf has ever wrought a prouder achievement, and it is to the credit of the California authorities that their request was heeded.

It isn't always so.

I recall a vacancy that was filled by a teacher of mediocre ability, whose sole recommendation was that he had been "sweet" on those in authority in the Speech Association, and he got credentials from leaders in that organi-

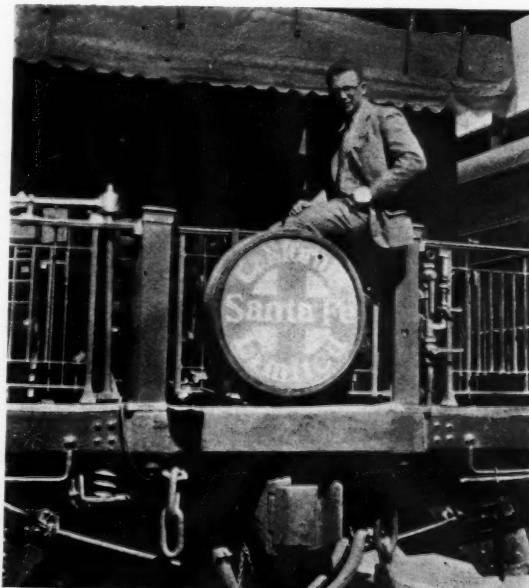
zation, and they proved "hefty" enough to land him the job he was after. The bull in the china shop of tradition had nothing on him. He went from bad to worse and worser yet, and finally was told to exit by the resignation route, and since then, silence.

A nice long visit, (and actual help in conducting some business) from Dr. Frank M. Driggs of the Utah school, last week, was doing the "coals of fire" stunt, since I passed right through Utah without stopping off to be his guest there last summer. And during the vacation period last July I had a great afternoon's treat in entertaining Supt. Blatter of the Oklahoma school, and the very next day the same pleasure in entertaining Supt. Cloud of the Kansas school. All are fine men to know, and one is rich in enjoying their good will and friendship.

Last fall five meeting of organizations with which I am affiliated here in New York listened to letters read by the secretary from an organization which stated that it wanted to present to a local school, a painting of one of the pioneer educators. Present was the word, that is, free, gratis, for nothing, was what the spirit of the letter told, but afterward came an appeal for at least five dollars to help the organization make the gift so it came about that seventeen local organizations each chipped in \$5 towards the project, for which they will have their names on the list of donors, which is one way to pose as a philanthropist or isn't it?

SO SAY WE ALL

"Now, this here Lindy," remarked Uncle Dick, "he's a mighty good boy all right, and he's got away with a lot of trans-ocean and trans-continental flights without gettin' a bit puffed up about it. But we ain't got many Lindy's in the risin' generation, and I'm in favor of keeping the ones we have down with us. I'd rather hear Lindy over the radio occasionally than havin' him drop ultimately on some furin' mountain peak."



Jacob M. Ebin, of New York, on his way to Sunny California after the N. F. S. D. Convention

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication must be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

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Stolen Cars

The following communication is well taken and we wish to announce that THE SILENT WORKER will be glad to print notices of stolen cars of deaf people free of charge. Our readers after reading description of cars stolen would do well to be on the look out and thus perform a service to a fellow deaf motorist. We would advise all deaf motorists to have their cars insured against theft as well as fire and liability.

708 Nichols St., Fulton, Missouri.

My dear Mr. Porter:

I wonder if it has been called to your attention that the WORKER individually or in connection with other school papers can help deaf automobilists by publishing descriptions of cars stolen from deaf people and urging other deaf motorists to be on the lookout for them? Thieves often transport stolen cars across the country and with so many in so many places on the watch the chances of recovery might be good. The arrangement would also redound to the credit of the WORKER as a magazine published in the interests of the deaf. Deaf motorists whose cars are stolen could notify you, giving license and engine numbers, make of car and etc., and particularly any peculiarity by which the car may be spotted. Such as, for instance, the car stolen from my friend, the instructor in carpentry, here. Should you care to adopt my suggestion here is his case:

Ford touring 1927 model; Missouri license 135,835 (may have been removed or changed); Engine number 13,567,514. When stolen had installed a winter enclosure, celluloid windows. Distinguishing marks—Three of the aluminum lips on the holes for receiving curtain-rods are missing. Please inform Ansel Williams, School for Deaf, Fulton, Missouri.

With best wishes for 1928, I am

GROVER C. FARQUHAR.

The De L'Epee Statue

In response to the invitation to our readers for a free discussion of the De L'Epee Statue problem, Kelly H. Stevens, our art editor, hands us the subjoined suggestion:

One of the projects to which the N. A. D. stands committed is the erection of a statue to honor the memory of the Abbe de l'Epee—a project allowed to drag listlessly for many years, because of sporadic and half-hearted drives for funds. A hundred and ten years after the founding of the first school for the deaf in America, which derived directly from the Abbe's own school in Paris, with a nation-wide system of education for the deaf equalled in no other country, and with a well-educated and highly respectable and competent body of the deaf in general, the United States yet possesses no suitable monument to the good Abbe, the progenitor of all these blessings for us.

Most of the attention of the N. A. D. heretofore has been taken up by more vital problems than the erection of statues. It has had to fight unjust laws against the deaf, in the civil service, in employment, in educational methods, in the driving of autos. The N. A. D. has achieved practically all the ends for which it has fought. It has been a staunch defender of the Combined Method, which is now followed in most of the state schools. It has defeated civil service discrimination, and lessened the general discrimination of employers against the deaf in industry. It has won the right, unjustly denied them, for the deaf to drive autos in all the states of the Union. Now, with all these aims achieved, is it not time for the N. A. D. to push the erection of the De l'Epee?

It has been decided to postpone the 1929 Convention of the N. A. D. until 1930, to allow the N. A. D. to make this Convention the Fiftieth Anniversary of its founding, and Buffalo has been chosen as the place for this Bi-centennial celebration. It is certainly a good plan for the N. A. D. to defer its regular convention for such a purpose. Should it not also mark its fiftieth year by something concrete accomplished? It should. The best way to signalize and dignify the half-century mark of N. A. D. usefulness and endeavor, is to complete and dedicate the memorial to the Abbe de l'Epee!

More than two years yet remain before the Bi-Centennial Convention. If the members of the N. A. D. act favorably and quickly on the referendum recently sent out, the Committee on the Statue will be enabled to accelerate the gathering of funds for the statue, to announce a competition of sculptors for the statue, to select the winning model, commission the sculptor, and have the finished bronze in place before the Convention, ready for dedication.

Several deaf sculptors of ability, in the United States and France, have announced that they would undertake the work for the sum now in hand. Any one of them is willing to execute the commission for much less than the true value of the statue, being content with the honor he can do the Abbe, and the glory he can win for himself. There is, therefore, no longer any need to delay the erection of the statue on the plea of insufficient funds. A few hundreds more may be needed to meet the expenses of the competition, and of the pedestal, etc., but the sum to defray the cost of the statue itself is in hand.

We therefore urge the members of the N. A. D. to act immediately and favorably on the referendum just sent out by the Secretary, so that the Committee on the Erection of the statue may act promptly, and the N. A. D. gloriously signalize its Fiftieth Anniversary!

THE CHOICE OF A SCULPTOR FOR THE
DE L'EPEE STATUE

The usual procedure of a committee entrusted with the erection of a sculptured memorial is this: They announce a competition, either general, or limited by invitation to certain sculptors whom they deem qualified to undertake the work. This competition requires the making of preliminary models, of a size specified by the rules of the contest. When the models are assembled, it is customary to turn the actual judging over to a jury composed of disinterested critics and sculptors. This method avoids favoritism and ill feeling. It usually results in the best work being chosen for erection.

This method should be followed by the committee charged with the erection of the De L'Epee Statue. An attempt in certain quarters of the deaf press to advocate and nominate for the work a certain noted deaf sculptor of the Pacific Coast is most ill-timed. Without doubt, this sculptor will receive consideration, when the time comes to announce the competition for the statue. To award the commission to him out of hand, without giving any other sculptors a chance to show their merit would be a decidedly biased act. It takes competition to bring out the best in a sculptor. Without it we may obtain a decidedly inferior statue.

In erecting the statue, the N. A. D. is out to get the most for its money. It wants a good likeness of the Abbe de L'Epee, a good portrait statue, which will interpret for us the kindly, generous character of the Abbe in every line of his homely, even ugly, face.

Must the statue be the work of an American sculptor? When the United States Government wished to erect statues of Lafayette and Rochambeau, our French benefactors in the Revolution, it could have picked a hundred talented American sculptors to execute the works and interpret American love and esteem for those two great men who helped us so vitally to gain our independence. No one would have objected if American sculptors had been chosen. But the Government did a very gracious thing: to express still further our gratitude to France it tactfully chose French sculptors for both works. It happened that the commission for the Rochambeau statue was awarded to a deaf sculptor—Fernand Hamar.

In connection with the de L'Epee statue competition, it would be an ungracious act to bar foreign sculptors. Our Abbe was a Frenchman. It would be a compliment to France and to the French deaf sculptors to invite them to enter the competition. And then, if a Frenchman won fairly in the contest, it would be a gracious tribute to France, which has so benefited our American deaf, to award him the commission.

Aside from sentiment, there are two practical reasons for giving the work to a Frenchman. First, a French sculptor can make the work for less. He lives cheaply, and the materials for his work are cheap. The casting of the bronze statue will cost far less in France than in this country. The sum which the N. A. D. will have in hand is very little, as statues go; the money will go farther in France than here. Second, deaf French sculptors have at their command source material which other countries lack. They live in the very streets in which the Abbe walked. In Paris all sorts of data regarding the Abbe is preserved—drawings from life, busts, paintings, engravings, and statues. The French sculptors have access to every source to aid them in presenting the Abbe for us, not only in lineaments, but in spirit. In short, they can get a better mental and spiritual conception of the Abbe to aid them in fashioning their work. There are no less

than five talented deaf French sculptors in Paris. To bar them from entering our competition would not only be rude—it would be downright ingratitude to the memory of the Abbe. They should be invited to compete. In Spain there is at least one able deaf sculptor, and in Italy another. They should be invited likewise.

Many of them would no doubt be pleased to see the choice made of one of our own deaf sculptors, notably the man from San Francisco. But our primary aim is to get the best statue for our money, and to get the best representation of the Abbe possible. To do this we should be willing and glad to give the commission to a foreigner, provided that he made the best showing in the competition. If the sculptor from San Francisco is superior to all the others, he ought to prove it by beating them all in open competition presided over, not by interested deaf men, but by a well-qualified and disinterested jury composed of leading hearing critics and artists.

Book Review

My Life Transformed. The MacMillan Co. Publishers, New York. Price \$2.50

If you are looking for Pure Oral propaganda, don't read this book, because it would be unsound to draw general conclusions from a special, individual case. If you are one of those extreme manualists, don't read it either, for you will not enjoy it—it extolls the value of speech beyond a degree that you probably approve of and shows where a bona-fide deaf girl learns to speak well at a comparatively late age, and actually relies solely on speech and lip-reading, although she had known nothing but signs up to the age of twelve.

But this is not a book on methods. Neither the writer nor her mother claim to be professional teachers or to possess any special knowledge or wisdom on the question of methods. It is simply a story of how mother love overcame tremendous obstacles and changed her deaf child from an awkward, selfish and disagreeable girl to a charming and accomplished young lady. Through the devotion and ingenuity of her stepmother, Helen Heckman, deaf from spinal meningitis at the age of eleven months, and practically uneducated up to the age of twelve, conquers her bad habits, learns not only to speak but to play the piano and dance, and becomes an artist in her chosen field. To us her achievement as an author is more remarkable than any ability she may have as a dancer.

Teaching and Practice Exercises in Arithmetic, for grades III, IV, V, or VI. By G. T. Buswell and Lenore John. Wheeler Publishing Co., Chicago. Each \$.27 net.

These sets are printed in convenient tablet form and includes two Pupils' Charts per set and one Teacher's Class Record Sheet per class. The idea is to teach the child how to perform certain operations in arithmetic, thus forming correct habits. Teachers in the Primary grades of our schools may find these sets worth looking into.

National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, President, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

MARCUS L. KENNER, First Vice-President
200 West 11th Street, N. Y. City

C. BELLE ROGERS, Second Vice-President
Cedar Spring, So. Carolina

F. A. MOORE, Secretary and Treasurer
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



OLOF HANSON, Board Member
4747-16 Ave; N. E., Seattle, Wash.

MICHAEL LAPIDES, Board Member
Box 4051, Portland, Oregon

WILLIAM SCHAUB, Board Member
5917 Highland Ave; St. Louis, Mo.

Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

BUFFALO CONVENTION, 1930

LOCAL COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

The following will constitute the personnel of the Local Committee on Arrangements for the Buffalo convention of the Association in August, 1930:

Ex-officio
The President of the Association

Chairman

J. J. Coughlin, 317 Walnut St., Buffalo

Secretary and Publicity

A. L. Sedlowsky, 362 Walnut St., Buffalo

Assistant Secretary

C. N. Snyder, 58 Harrison Ave., Lockport

Financial Secretary

William Haenzel

Treasurer

Sol D. Weil, 33 Ardmore Place, Buffalo

Messrs. Frank Krahling, Henry Zink, Walter F. Carl, C. O'Connor, W. E. Davis, Leo Coughlin, Mrs.

W. E. Davis, Misses Agnes Palmgren, Eleanor Atwater, Charlotte Schwagler, and Iva Ford, will be assigned places on the various sub-committees of the Local Committee.

Other members may be added to the committee later if occasion warrants.

The selection of committee members were ratified at a recent meeting of the Buffalo deaf, who are enthusiastic over the coming convention. The Local committee is now well organized, and the serious work of preparing for the convention is well under way. Officials of the Buffalo Convention and Tourist Bureau, and other civic bodies have promised close co-operation with the N. A. D. committee.

We believe that local arrangements for the Buffalo World's Congress of 1930 are in capable hands. Harmony and co-operation will be the watch words of the committee. The task of such a committee is usually a difficult one, but we are confident that Buffalo will be able to make arrangements in keeping with the occasion—the semi-centennial of the Association, the sixteenth convention of this body, and the second America World's Congress of the deaf.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,
President.

Samuel Frankensheim

BORN on the East Side, in New York City, of German, Jewish, immigrants, on September 24, 1867. Educated in the Institution for the Improved Institution of Deaf-Mutes. Graduated at 16 and studied chemistry and geology, but later chose the comical photograph business in which he was engaged for twenty-five years until his father died. Travelled extensively for two or three years. Accepted position of correspondent for the banking house of Lee, Higginson & Company in 1909 in order to cater to the financial needs of the deaf throughout the country and still remains with the firm. During the World War, he sold nearly \$100,000 Liberty Loan bonds and about \$25,000 War-saving Stamps.

One of the founders of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League and one of the committee which organized the Hebrew Association of the Deaf. Has served as President of both organizations, 13 terms of the former and three of the latter. Was chairman of the War Savings Society of the Deaf, netting nearly \$1500, which was distributed in war saving stamps among the nine societies pro rata.

A member of the National Association of the Deaf, for which he served on the Executive Board and once named

as a candidate for the office of president. Served as president of the Manhattan Division No. 87 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf for two terms.

Is Chairman-Treasurer of the De l'Epee Memorial Statue Committee of the N. A. D. and also Treasurer of New York Branch of the N. A. D.

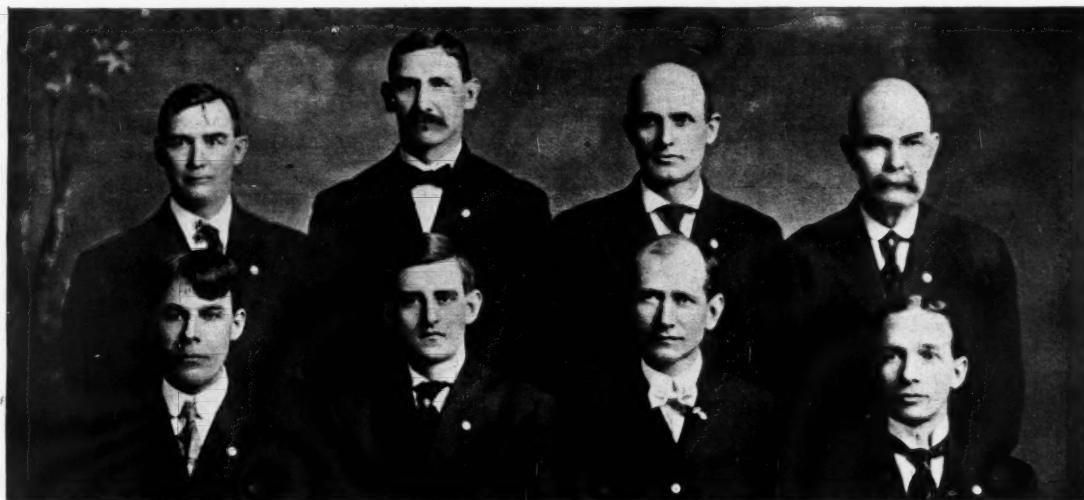
Is a bachelor and has maintained both an office and an apartment at 18 West 107th street, New York City, for the past sixteen years.

ARE YOUR TUBES HALF DONE?

Look over your radio tubes, now that the days of "distance" are with you. If you find a darkened spot on one or more, purchase new tubes and see what a difference it will make. A tube will continue to give service long after it has started to go, but the service it gives is like that of a decrepit old man who isn't what he used to be, but refuses to advise you of the fact verbally.

THERE'S SOMETHING TO IT, AT THAT!

"A _____" remarked Uncle Charles, mentioning a certain make of car that retails at a popular price, "is a vehicle operated by a man too proud to drive a Ford, and without enough money to buy an automobile."



*Top Row—Jackson Bates, Harry G. Augustus, Edwin I. Holycross, Elmer Lewis.
Bottom Row—Charles H. Cory, Jr., Henry P. Mundary, Bert C. Wortman, Frank Reitman.*

Original Charter Members of Dayton, Ohio, Division No. 8, N. F. S. D., March 17, 1905

HE PRESENT Dayton Division will give its 23rd annual celebration on March 17, 1928,—just 23 years ago when the division was established on the above date with the above named members. Its annual celebration has never been a failure—always a success, socially as well as financially.

Only two old members are still with No. 8, today (maybe they are old war horses)—Mr. Bates and Mr. Mundary.

Mr. Lewis, the granddad of the division, lived to a very ripe age—70 years. Died a 100 per cent and was buried in an Indiana town where he was born. A product of the old Indiana school for the deaf.

Mr. Augustus went to Toledo, Ohio, years ago, where he is holding a lucrative position. It is reported that he is a hustling booster of the Toledo Division.

Mr. Cory moved to St. Petersburg, Florida, with his wife some years ago, where he built an enviable bungalow and is enjoying a life of ease. He is now a non-resident member of the Dayton Division. Repeated requests for the bungalow compelled him to put up a sign of "not for sale."

Mr. Wortman transferred his "whole earth" to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he held a better position until last summer when he and his wife motored to Florida to reside permanently for the benefit of Mr. Wortman's health. By the way, Mrs. Wortman is a sister of Mrs. Ringling, the wife of a famous circus man.

Because of his poor health, Mr. Reitman drifted to Florida, where he died several years later, and was buried there. At the time of his death he was a non-resident member of the Columbus Division.

Edwin Holycross was compelled to seek work elsewhere, and then moved to Columbus, Ohio, where he has been holding a fine position—hand compositor—and is at present a member of the Columbus Division. Mr. Holycross is the same guy who got an idea of successfully starting Division No. 8, and later was given an avalanche of sugar-coated ? bricks from the knockers who, years

later, became members of the different divisions. Mr. Holycross was the first state organizer before the re-organization of the N. F. S. D. He assisted in forming the Springfield, (Ohio), Toledo and Cincinnati Divisions.

Makes Corrections

Some time ago (December) I noticed an editorial in the WORKER under the caption, "Why Squabble." I meant to remark on the sentiment of the editorial in my recent letter, but it got off before I thought of it, so I'll do so in this. No, there's no use in "squabbling," since we all have one object in view—the welfare of all the deaf. But I think I'd better correct the mistaken idea conveyed by the editorial in its mention of Mrs. Jackson. There is no doubt that Mrs. Jackson, (*and every other member of the committee of which I am chairman*) desires to unite with the N. A. D. in the pursuit of its plausible objects insofar as it is practicable to do so. In fact, I wrote Mrs. Jackson shortly before the North Carolina Convention urging that she stress co-operation and friendship with the N. A. D. in her address, and I expressed the same sentiment from the platform myself.

I appointed Mrs. Jackson publicity agent for the N. A. D., and she is keeping the wires pretty hot, but that office does not give her the power to do the big thing your editorial comment assumes she could if so inclined. In fact, our whole committee could not do it, as it is a matter that would have to be put up to the deaf of the South in convention.

In a recent issue of the *Kentucky Standard* Mr. McClure put forth a query as to the necessity of the new organization, and I answered him in the *Messenger* of latest issue of the *Standard*. I trust this answer will be satisfactory to all the northern deaf who have been asking the same question.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. McFARLANE.

Criticism

By Thos. O. Gray.



ERTAIN groups of persons assembling in our social clubs are doing our young men, graduates of our institutions, very much harm by the application of the word, conceited. Its definition, as taken by these, means an ass mentally as well as a runt physically. The young men, just out of school, are full of pep and naturally inclined to be very enthusiastic in their accomplishments. The graduates feel justly proud after having done something of intricate value and because of this begin to tell their friends and acquaintances of their success. All who, when of their age, did the same thing and are doing these young fellows a lot of injustice. The real Conceit brags over imaginary things which were only dreams; his crust is never thick enough to entangle anything of intrinsic merit; his impassioned oratory is strewn among his friends and acquaintances with a foxy attitude of trying to convince on an apex of fanciful mental phenomena. Yet, if he were asked for any positive evidence of his "accomplishments," he would begin to procrastinate the very probity of producing proof. This guy is very much in evidence in lounge lizard parlors but the stupidity of classifying our bright young man, just out of school, with his braggado stuff, is out of step with ninety-nine per cent. of the population. Our graduated young men should be encouraged the best we know how; jealousy should never be allowed to penetrate the bars protecting the genii from zoanthropy. Intelligence is ably perceptive enough to distinguish between Genius and the genus Equis. Therefore, it is my candid opinion the phrase, "an ass," is more applicable to the one who, through some lack of foresight, tells his associates our young men starting out in life are nothing but Conceits.

* * *

Some few years ago this writer attended what was purported to be a Safety meeting and was surprised to see it turn out to be a boxing tournament. A year later I attended another of these "Safety" meetings expecting to see another fisticuff scuffle but was amazed to find a brass band, in full regalia, bellowing out music to the step of Terpischorean accompaniment. Still later another invitation came for me to attend one of these meetings. I wondered what the next programme would be but it turned out to be a real Safety meeting. It happened to be at my place of employment and, naturally, I was curious to find out the reason for this diversion in entertainment. I learned it was the scheme of getting a crowd down there, evenings, which was responsible for the first two being out of step with the programme.

The plant was infested with many careless men who were a burden to the insurance department as prescribed by the Illinois Compensation Act. These got injured so often lost time was piling up to a prohibitive figure and it was acknowledged instruction in the appliance of safety measures would reduce their liability. With accidents reduced to a potential minimum, rates could come down so a plan of scientific instruction that prompted a call for all employees to attend. One morning I was busily engaged at work when tapped on the shoulder, signifying for me to read an order: "All employees are directed to submit one or more slogans from which may be selected an idea to represent Safety First in 1927."

I thought, as well as did others, it strange the Safety committee had not enough sense to dig up a slogan, especially, in view of their high position an paramount salary. Their decision to rely on us for an idea brought a derisive laugh from fellow employees. The plant employed about 1000 men and the committee was sure some mutt would be willing to pick a wart from his cranium, enabling them to secure a slogan. "All right," says I. "I will try to have a few with me tomorrow." The bearer thanked me and walked away not knowing he sent my mind wandering away from work all the balance of the day, pondering over their request. I figured no safety device could ever be invented to take the place of that part just above our ears. If Safety First was immune to accidents all we had to do was to follow her lead. I, accordingly, jotted down five slogans of my own originality and dropped them in the contribution box, soon forgetting all about it.

Two weeks later the office "leak" spread the rumor one of my submitted ideas had won over all the rest. I awaited confirmation which finally came. The medical examiner personally came over to thank me for the idea. Later, I learned three others I wrote received honorable mention. It has since been copyrighted so I can not reproduce here. It contained only six words but was given wide publicity in a leading West Side magazine. The publicity given it learned me some queer aspects besides provoking much mental deliberation. Some of my friends outside had taken cognizance of the slogan and erroneously gained the impression I had won quite a sum of money. One who is particularly known for his radical views met me on the street and offered congratulations for "winning so much money."

"I didn't win anything." I replied.

"Of all the dumb Doras," he exploded, "Say what do you mean?"

"I mean I wasn't expecting any money," I countered.

"Well," says he, "I bet the company will make a million out of your idea."

"Perhaps they may, in imaginary money," I answered.

He proceeded to inform me in his radical belief how the company could, through the use of my slogan, cut down accidents to a minimum and therefore receive a reduction in their premiums covering employees, about as he calculated, \$50,000 a year. Of course, this fellow talked with sense but I could never become a convert to his radicalism and finally told him I did it in a spirit of loyalty. But since, things have taken a turn towards his statement. Now the company has severed connection with the Surety Company and carry their own accident insurance. Whether they made a big saving is not known but indications point to it. All the reward I got was a call to the director's room to receive an Universal Safety badge and welcomed as one of the committee. The next slogan campaign will behold this sign: "Cash for Brains."

* * *

Once in a while the members of the Pas-A-Pas club, in business session, assembled, get a rare treat. Platform orators in a majority of cases keep control of themselves, guarding their utterances with care. It is their privilege to be "heard" in matters pertaining to constructive work. The uplift of the Pas depends upon what kind of material

is salvaged from out of this maze of signal oratory. At the November business meeting the chairman of the Nominating committee had just finished announcing the names of the candidates which the committee had selected for Pas' officers during the coming year, 1928.

In criticising the list the Secretary was aroused and opened up with vehement magnanimity, proceeding to impress the members with the fact the "unpopularity" of one of the leading candidates was far outweighed by the popularity of the other. In her eloquence she pleaded with the members to see the value of following a popular fellow as against the electing of an "unpopular" president. Then, without a pause, she switched over to the present acting incumbent and in a burst of beautiful signs let go a broadside of flowery language, scented with a touch of Rue de Riveria, lauding him to the sky. But in her supreme moment control was lacking and by the time she was through the cat had crawled out of the bag, divulging the source of some candy besides other incidentals, which in her bewilderment, the members were able to trace to the present occupant of the chair. This poor fellow was powerless to hold up a warning finger and slid down in his seat helpless. Noting where the speaker was headed I glanced over to the "unpopular" candidate to see a broad grin adorning his face, he was enjoying the show.

Later, the result of the election at the December business meeting confirmed the general belief Pas' members disagreed with the Secretary's definition of "popular," for here was given the appropriate twenty-three votes while the "unpopular" candidate was placed in the chair by a majority of 45 votes. This puts emphasis on the assertion a so-called popular guy is one who permits himself to be led around with a halter by certain groups while the one who is decidedly independent in thought and action is usually dubbed "unpopular."

* * *

Since last August sponsors for the Southern Association of the Deaf have placed before the readers earnest propaganda which seeks to convince the North, East and West that their association is by no means antagonistic to the National Association. To take the word of a southern writer to the *SILENT WORKER*: "It is not." Though editorial comment is in step with her assertion it is by no means consiliatory to the great majority of deaf living in the other sections of the country. What is nectar for some and ragout for others is nausea for the editor who, nevertheless, is willing to believe despite the twist observed in statements given by these Southern boosters.

Obviously the editor of the *WORKER* is tired receiving so much kerm from the facile pens of critics and defenders of the South and North. However, the Washington convention graciously invited the *SILENT WORKER* to continue its official organ and this request was accepted with the laconic statement of a gallant knight, "Delighted." Therefore, there is no alternative for him but to grin and bear it. This "muddle" (?) will not continue forever; these scribes will only scratch their heads a few times before soothing an irritation. Accordingly, I look for a plausible ending of this dispute because the North is convinced the establishment of another similar association in territory it dominates is not antagonistic but destructive.

The New England Association of the Deaf is specifically localized; therefore is not functioning as a detrimental power. But the Southern association seeks to dominate a large slice of territory of which the National association has been the undisputed sovereign for a quarter of a century. This is lopping off of an arm of the Nad, i.e., cutting off its support from this quarter. The

fundamental principles of the National association are as loftily as the frosty pinnacle of the cloud kissing Pikes Peak. In itself an *E Pluribus Unum* of Deafdom and transcends with tranquil democracy to defend its subjects with convincing and comprehensible tongue. But in spite of this the South has cultivated an adamant spirit because of its intrinsically spontaneous desires. Instead of resting on a foundation of bedrock, I am very sorry to say, I believe it rests upon the solitary sands of self aggrandizement, and that it is only a matter of time till the impetuous and erosive winds of chance confirm my belief.

LOOSE DRESSING

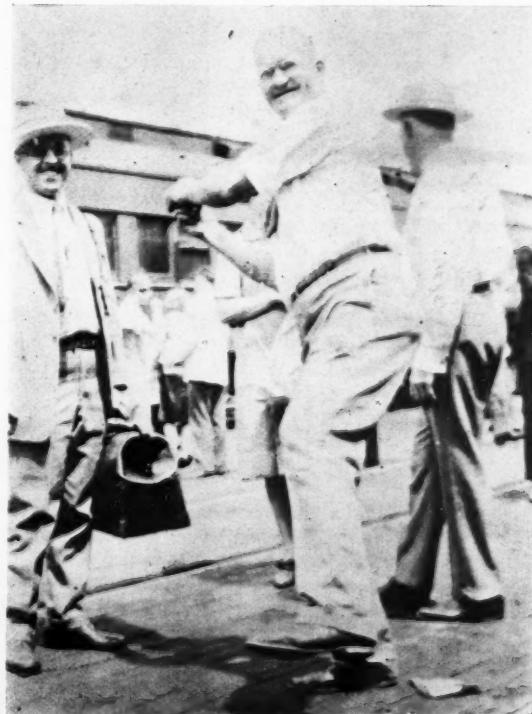
It is not only the fair sex whose manner of dress is reproachable. The modern youth delights in dangling hose, flowing trousers, binding coats, one glove, and what have you.

He has even cast aside the watch-chain, without which his father is not fully dressed. Perhaps this is the greatest of all the sins of modern dressing. Without a chain, or at least a fob with an attachment for the clothing, an expensive watch has about as much chance to remain unbroken with a modern youth, as an ice-cream soda has of melting OUTSIDE of a flapper.

Throw aside the garters, the hat, and the winter underwear if you must, but stick to the watch-chain while you are going through the silly age. A few years hence, you would not part with it for anything.

Alex. Matthews—"Have you heard the latest Ford joke."

Bill Spencer—"Heard it? Why say, man, I own it!"



"Dummy Taylor" posing for Jack Ebin at Omaha, Neb., as the N. F. S. D. Special made a stop

The Detroit Chapter, Michigan Association of the Deaf



LTHOUGH the Michigan Association of the Deaf had broadened its scope, and opened its membership roles to embrace all the adult deaf within the borders of the state, it was not till some five years ago that the

idea of forming Chapters of the Association in the principal Deaf centers of the commonwealth was conceived, and decided upon, in a conference between Past President Tripp, Thomas J. Kenney and R. V. Jones, the idea originated with Mr. Kenney, who, by the way, is Detroit's most valuable originator of progressive ideas, and also one of the best executives, and parliamentarians, of Detroit's deaf population.

Shortly after that conference, the Detroit Chapter was launched, with Ivan Heymanson as its president; Thomas J. Kenney, Vice President, R. V. Jones, Secretary and Claude V. Ozier as its Treasurer; Wm K. Lidyd, Simon Goth and Peter N. Hellers, composing the Board of Trustees.

For five consecutive years, President Heymanson has occupied the chair, being re-elected each time by proclamation, for if there was ever a genuine unalloyed GO-GETTER, we present Mr. Heymanson for the "Lural Wreath."

He has been a hard, conscientious worker in the interests of the Chapter, and of the deaf in general, often neglecting his noon-day lunch to put over some profitable scheme for the benefit of the Chapter, and the M. A. D. in particular, and is always on the lookout for emergences to arise, that will permit of bringing the M. A. D. into the spot-light of public attention, and as a finance builder, he is ALL THERE, having put across several successful schemes for filling the treasury, the latest being our third annual masquerade ball, which was a brilliant success from all points of observation, with a handsome profit of over \$300 for our treasury.

He never needs a "nerve tonic," for he meets all comers with the same winning smile, and the same go-getting assurance of success, from the mayor and the judges on the bench to the bankers and business men, both big and small, and generally comes out with what he goes after.

In fact, he is second only to Thomas J. Kenney, in Detroit's roster of active "live wires," and well deserves the honor that the Detroit Chapter has shown him by unanimously voting each year to keep him in the presidential chair.

With one or two exceptions, Pres. Heymanson has

had his original set of officers with him throughout his five years tenure of office: R. V. Jones and Claude V. Ozier remaining as Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, while Simon Goth has remained on the Board of Trustees.

The present officers are:—Ivan Heymanson, Pres.; A. R. Schneider, Vice Pres.; Otto Buby, Recording Sec'y; R. V. Jones, Cor. Sec'y and Claude V. Ozier, Treasurer, while S. A. Goth, Ed. Dirren and M. C. Halm are members of the Board of Trustees. But

there will be an election held January 8, 1928, when new officers will be chosen, and I predict that the list will remain about the same.

The chapter idea could be profitably followed by other state associations, as it keeps the members in mind of their obligations to society as a whole, and schools them to the problem of State affairs of the deaf, which should come first, and then when 100 per cent. organized, the whole body could automatically be affiliated with the N. A. D. for national issues.

The Detroit Chapter is the leading chapter of the state in point of membership, finance and initiativeness, but it is to be hoped that the rest of the state will wake up to the fact that THEY are needed too, and get behind and PUSH, if they cannot PULL, for no one will take an interest in the affairs of the deaf, if the deaf themselves lay down on the job.

We, of the Detroit Chapter, are of the opinion that the State Associations should

be strictly independent of State institutions, and as far as possible, have the executive officers "free handed," i. e., free from any fear of losing his job, through fair and conscientious performance of his duties, as an officer of the state associations, and we will work for that end at the next convention.

The detailed description of our last Mask ball, and the list of many out of town visitors, and of the excellent committee that helped to put the affair over, would take up too much of your valuable space, and as my own time is overcrowded with various tasks, I will have to forego the genuine pleasure with which I would like to write them, and sing the well earned praises of ALL who have the interests and welfare of the Detroit Chapter at heart.

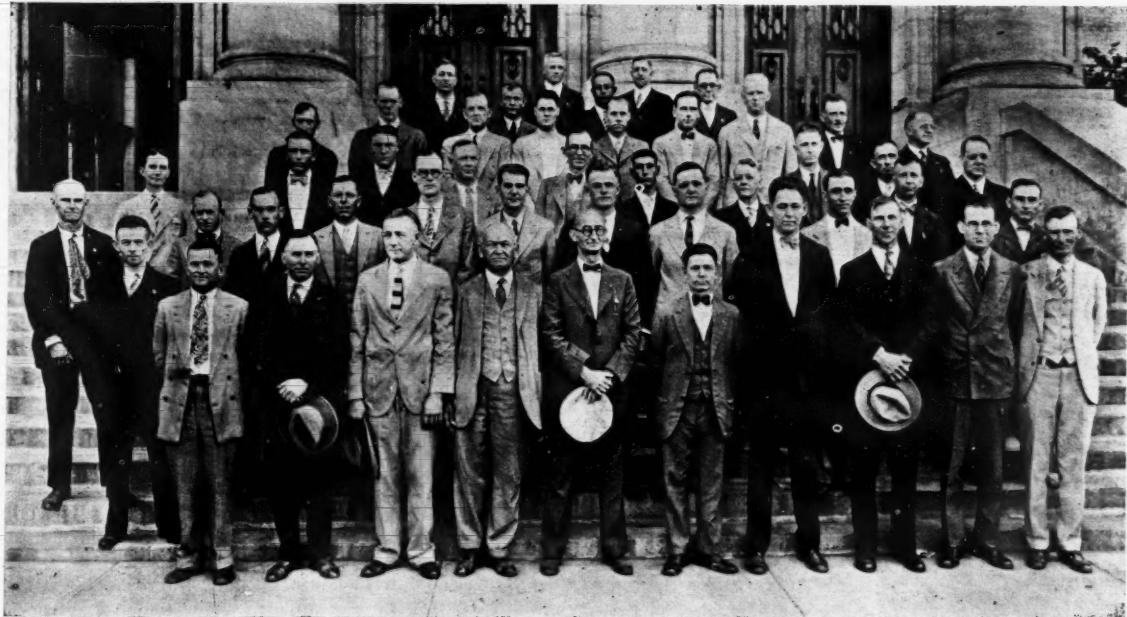
R. V. JONES.

Apt. 420, Barclay Building,
13320 Woodrow Wilson Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

The **LONG HORMS**

"The eyes of Texas are upon you."

By Troy E. Hill



Front row—L. to R. Pat McNamara, Tom Sheppard, Fred Hooten (Sergeant), Ike B. Ries (Vice President), Jay Cooke Howard (visitor), Vasco V. Tobey (President), Troy E. Hill (Treasurer), Leonard E. King (Patriarch), Ernest R. Barnes (Senior Trustee), Dan Corum (Trustee). Second row—Tom Welch, Edwin Cochran, Ernest Williams, Roy McAlister, Ollie Justiss, Dick Myers, Louis Draper, Ben L. Tunstall, Henry Slovacek, Dudley Lewis, Alex Chaney, Perry L. Markus. Third row—Raymond Cornwall, Homer Moulder, Robert Smith, W. L. McKee, Wylie Cowan, Jose Lozano, A. L. Crouch, E. B. Kolb, Alvin Hendrix, Fee B. Griggs. Fourth row—Owen Coston, Raymond Payne, Whit H. Jennings, Guy K. Rorex, Courtney High, Leonard Perry, Wofford Henphill, Sam Barnes, Carl Bodecker. Back row—Willis Sides, Roy Orr, Clark D. Pickett, Florencio H. Rendon, Clifton L. Talbot, and Oliver Freeman. This is just about half of Dallas Divisions Membership, about ten of the local members were not in the picture and about 40 failed to attend the meeting to get in the picture. Even our local Secretary W. K. Gibson was not there in time for the picture.

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BIT FOR THE
E. M. GALLAUDET MEMORIAL?

MR. AND MRS. SILENT WORKER READER, can you say YES to the above question? If not, why? I suggest that every reader of the WORKER ask every deaf friend he knows the above questions, and if they aren't answered in the affirmative then it is the duty of the reader to urge upon his friend the making of a donation.

We have State quotas, why not a SILENT WORKER QUOTA? All the readers of the WORKER who haven't donated yet to send their donation to the SILENT WORKER editor and have it credited to their various state quotas through the SILENT WORKER. "NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD DEAF MEN AND WOMEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THEIR MEMORIAL FUND". That's right, dear reader, IT'S YOUR FUND.

OKLAHOMA SILENTS? TEXAS SILENTS?

What say, gentle reader, are you any good at guessing? If so, get down to work and give us your guess on the above, or to make it plainer, what is your guess as to the final score of the football game between the Texas and Oklahoma schools for the deaf, that is to be played in Dallas, Texas, next October 12 or 13th? To the reader of the SILENT WORKER sending in the nearest correct score, the Longhorn will award a prize of two years' subscription to the SILENT WORKER.

Man alive, what a football game that's going to be, when the Oklahoma Sooners, meet the Texas Longhorns on the gridiron next October, in Dallas. Sure there have been games between deaf teams before, and many of them have been thrilling encounters, but none of them have had the tradition and anticipation that this game will have. Away back in 1914, when the writer was a member of the Texas School Football team, and also manager of the team, he wrote a challenge to the Oklahoma team, then under the guidance of Owen G. Carroll, and ever since



This group is only about half of those present at the Annual Fraternival held in Dallas last October. The picture was taken at 9 A. M., and as most of them were up until the wee small hours of the morning a good many overslept. There are about 130 in the picture, and were 175 at church by 10 o'clock and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the Fair Grounds there were 250 present. Next year we hope to have around 500 or more.

then we have been trying by one way and another to bring these two teams together. Back in the days when "Folly" was at the helm of the Oklahoma Squad we thought we had the battle clinched, but always as heretofore it has fallen through.

This time things seem to work out right and both teams have agreed to come to Dallas for the game, which will be played either on October 12 or 13th, depending on which day we can get the better stadium for the game.

Football in these parts, like everything else, is better than that produced up north and east, and for that reason when these two deaf teams averaging around 150 pounds per man meet, the fur am going to fly. No fooling, I expect to have more fun enjoying that football game than I have had the last two years of my life, and I don't mean perhaps. Deaf fans of all parts of the country are urged to make a notation in their note books, start saving money and be ready to be here for this event, the biggest event of its kind ever pulled off in the Southwest! Railroad fares will be low on account of the Texas State Fair. "The Biggest State Fair in the World" bar none, and it is possible for everyone who wants to, to be here.

There will no doubt be those that dispute that our football teams are better than those of the North and East, but boy howdy, if we haven't proven that statement this fall it never will be proven. Didn't Texas Aggies whip Sewanee; didn't S. M. U. tame the great Missouri Tiger; didn't Texas lick Vanderbilt, and then Kansas A. & M. to a standstill? Didn't three Texas players, Hunt of A. & M., Sikes of A. & M., Mann of S. M. U., whip the All East team, at San Francisco, Christmas? Didn't Waco High School smother Latin High of Cleveland, Ohio, on Christmas day? Boy we sure did rub it in those so called football teams this year, and that game between Texas and Oklahoma, ain't gonna be no ladies sewing club circle, either. Brother, it's gonna be a football game and then some. For the Sooners are as much of the Southwest as are the Longhorns, and they know their football up in Sulphur.

The Longhorn witnessed both teams in action last fall, and believes they are about evenly matched and should turn out a close game with the result in doubt until the

last minute of play. Below are the records of the teams for the past season.

OKLAHOMA

The Sooner Silents, had a hard time getting started, and at that had a hard time getting games on account of their change in coaches and the athletic department, but in spite of a late start and a new coach they went through a tough schedule without a defeat by a high school team. They lost only one game, a game to Murray Aggies, a college team much heavier and more experienced than the Silent lads. One of their games was cancelled without a reason being given, but we suspect it was cold feet on the part of the Silent's opponents.

THE SOONER RECORD FOR LAST YEAR

O.S.D.	6	Tishomingo High School	0
"	27	Sulphur High School	6
"	27	Wynnewood High School	6
"	0	Murray Aggies	25
"	37	Colgate High School	6
"	24	Wayne High School	6

O.S.D. 121

49

Only one game lost out of 6 played and one cancelled on them is the record for the Oklahoma boys for last year. They have a fine looking team and will certainly make it interesting for the Texas boys next fall.

Much of the success of the Sooners belongs of course to Coach Guy Calame, just out of Gallaudet, who through his clean living and knowledge of the game inspired his boys to play football as it should be played. The Sooners used passes to great effect, the combination of Ballard to Hamontree being successful in almost every instance. The Sooners lose only Ballard, Cargal, Strader and H. Smith and Kendall, and next year should have a stronger team than this year. Ballard, the captain of last year's team, was one of the greatest high school passers ever seen in Oklahoma, and Frazier, an Indian, was famous for his broken field running, while Hamontree at full back was without a peer as a plunger and pass receiver. The Sooner line averages about 150 pounds and the



Members of the Texas School for the Deaf football squad. Bottom row, left to right—Corbitt, Bruns, E. Williams, Dooley, Crockett, captain; Devine, J. Henderson, LaRue. Second row, left to right—H. A. Dungan, assistant coach; Lavender, McAllister, Rose, Elliott, Gamblin, Bendele, Heintzschel, Hensley, Craig, and J. L. Royal, coach. Third row, left to right—Bolton, Guest, Blanton, Franks, White, Hays, Wyatt, E. W. Williams, Slaughter, and Murdock. Fourth row, left to right—Theriot, Phillips, Barnett, Pendergrass, Barton, Silsbee, Allen, Cotter, Padgett. Fifth row, left to right—Ratcliffe, Hardy, Dickerson, O. Henderson

backfield about 149, next year they will average about 155 pounds per man.

TEXAS

Like their Oklahoma brothers, the Texas Silents had a new coach to start off the year with, and also experienced considerable trouble getting games with High Schools.

Coach J. L. Royal is a new comer to Texas, coming from the University of Illinois, but he soon caught on to the sign language and had an inspired team on the field in practically every game. The Texas Silents lost only two games, both to Academy or Junior College teams, and later wiped out one of the defeats by giving their conquerors a walloping.

The team will lose through graduation only one man,



Standing: Calame, coach; Capt. Ballard, quarter; Frazier, end; Cargal, quarter; McGuire, tackle; Hurst, guard; R. Smith, guard; Hamontree, full; O'Neil, center; H. Smith, half; Reinhardt, end; Harrison, end; Strader, tackle. Kneeling: Cornish, half; Brown, guard; Trapp, end; Kendall, half; McRae, guard; Fine, center; Dunn, half; Ashcraft, tackle; Burns, guard.

as far as the Longhorn knows at present, that being Captain Gamblin. Bruns, a stalwart on the line, will not play next year and La Rue's return is problematical, otherwise the squad will be the same. Like their Oklahoma brothers, the Texas boys had a light-fast passing team that swept around and over their heavier opponents at will. La Rue, Dooley and Gamblin were the stars of the season, while Crockett, captain and center, played good ball throughout the year, but all the boys did their best and helped.

Coach Royal introduced the two team system at T. S. D. and had at all times two or three complete teams on the field ready to go in if the other teams were found weak enough to allow substitution, and in this way he encouraged all the boys to do their best.

THE TEXAS RECORD FOR LAST YEAR.

<i>First Team.</i>	
T.S.D. 20	Bartlett High School 0
" 0	S-W Teachers College 6
" 27	Peacock Military A 0
" 0	Allen Academy 20
" 19	Austin High School 7
" 33	Main Ave San Antonio 0
" 21	San Antonio Jr. College 6
" 25	Rockdale High School 6
" 16	S-W Teachers College 7
 Total T. S. D. 161	Opponents 52
<i>Second Team</i>	
T.S.D. 25	Austin Military School 0
" 35	" " " 0
" 0	Silent First Team 35
 Total 60	Opponent 35

The Texas boys played a total of 9 games, winning 7 and losing 2, both lost games being against teams far too big and experienced for them, but on Thanksgiving day against the S-W Teachers, the Silents were inspired by the presence of many old graduates on the field, and rose to supreme heights to lick the tar out of the S-W Teachers. In this game it was apparent that Royal had his bunch inspired, for they went in and fought like a bunch of wildcats against their heavier opponents.

NEXT YEAR, remember your date October 12 and 13 and be sure to come down to Dallas, to see the Greatest football game ever played.

Chefoo, North China

November 28, 1927.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—After a pleasant voyage of nearly one month in crossing the Pacific I reached Shanghai the first day of November. Eight days later I sailed for Chefoo and on the tenth of the month reached the School for the Deaf.

Everyone gave me a warm welcome, from the teachers to the smallest child and the most dignified employee. Under Mrs. Lan's efficient management the teachers, have done good work and the steward has looked after the place as though it was his own. Two new pupils have been admitted since my return so we now have forty deaf children in school.

Nearly all summer our buildings were filled with American refugees from the Presbyterian Mission. The Native City separates the Mission from the sea and the Foreign Settlement, so the American Consul thought it

best for everyone on Temple Hill to move to East Beach. By that arrangement all the foreigners could be protected in case Chefoo became a part of the war area. Fortunately the School for the Deaf is located by the sea and closely connected with other Missions.

Some very nice letters of thanks have reached us from the people who spent the summer in our building. The school has possibly lost the rent from one building for the time, it was occupied by the refugees. However this is a small matter compared to what has happened to mission property in other cities during the past year. Again in the midst of war, the school has been kept in peace.

An irreparable loss to our school family occurred early in the year when Mr. Ning Dzhi Hin, head teacher in the Boys' School for several years, died of tuberculosis at Kuling Sanitarium. He had only been ill a few months. As I listened to the sad story of his last illness these lines were recalled:

*"Ah, the beat
Of weary unreturning feet
And songs of pilgrims unreturning."*

Who can know how short or how long the days that we shall have to work among the deaf children of China? May we not fail in our duty to them.

With warm greeting to all,
A. E. CARTER.

Resolutions of Respect

The subjoined Resolutions were passed by the Deaf-Mutes' Guild of St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, W. Va., on February 4th, 1928:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Heavenly Father to receive into His fellowship the soul of His faithful Servant John H. W. Fowler,

That we endeavor to record our sense of profound loss, humbly thanking Almighty God for so many noble qualities he bestowed upon us in the example of His Servant's life in which for a time he became grief stricken over the fire destroying the little chapel of St. Elizabeth our own use. Be it further

Resolved, We in meeting and assembled hardly miss his ever-inspiring presence from his distant home.

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be mailed to his widow and family and to *West Virginia Tablet*, *SILENT WORKER*, *Ohio Chronicle*, *Wellsburg W. Va. Herald*, *Praigh Record*, also to be spread on the minutes of the Guild.

J. C. BREMER, Chairman

HERBERT H. STOEHR

S. W. CORBETT



At Omaha, Neb. Left to right—Mr. Funk, Mrs. Funk, Mr. Ebin, "Dummy" Taylor and Sussman

SPORTS IN GENERAL

Edited By Frederick A. Moore

A Hero Flops

By B. B. Burns

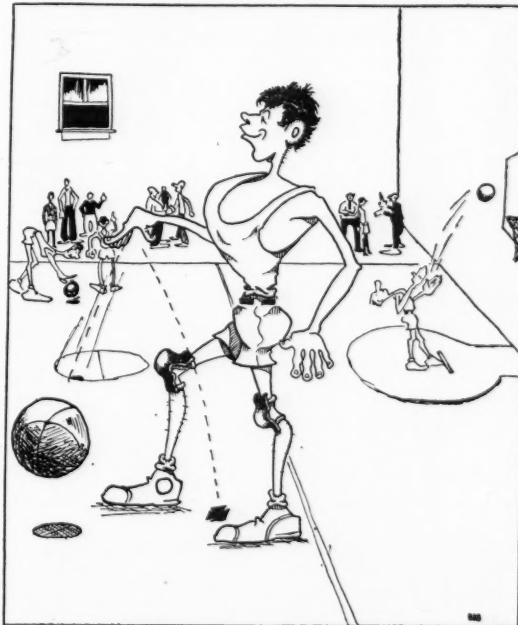
HONG about the time December gits a toe holt on ole Mommer earth the football cloes has all bin sprenkled with seeder dust, and the landscape gits kivered with snow. The all-America bimbos terns professers and the rest of the people starts hoopin it up fer basketball. The collidge boys has thair laigs shaven and the skin on thair sholders lifted and struts out to do thair stuff with casaba bawls. The squeels that rent the ozone in the big stadyums moves to the jimmasyems and the welkin begins wringen fer basketball.

Ats the time some bozo allus comes along an asts me if I ever played basketball, and I tells 'em I never did. They clap thare goggliers on my wirey fraim that looks lak a 2 by 4 pine scantlen and walks off like they knows I am Annie Nias her self. Well, brothers, the truth is I did play basketball once when I was a kid, an hears how it come a bout. Whats moar, hears why I aint played sence the time I am tellen you a bout.

Well, back in the days when I was young an sorter inosent like, I lived in the saw mill country in the south. In them days down thare the Model T was still in the same class with Sunday britches, and ox temes done all the work around them saw mills. Kids like me ust to punch bulls threw the summer and when the fall rains

near bouts threw high school and then come that big flue scair. I ketched the flue an it nigh done me up. Sence that time I has bin deaf an dum, where I was onley dum afore that.

They ust to git in some mitey good looken teechers for them little schools, so I kep rite on goin to school for a



"I feels my oats"



"I done my learnin' in the primary room"

come and the oxes cudent hawl logs off threw them boggs we'd lay aside our raw hide whip an our cussen vocabulary and start off to school to git educated. I finely got a long

wile, onley I quit the high school an done all my learnen in the primary room where they was a young frill willen to let peopple set down and viset wile the chillens studied thare lessens.

They didnt play basketball in that country, an I never seen a gaim till I went off to a deaf school, which wasent long after. That primary teecher got infested with some kine of a complex and committed matrimoney with some sticken the mud, an pertly soon my paternal relation tolle me I needed moar education, so off I went to the state deaf school.

When basketball time come some of them boys there tolle me I otter try to play basketball, seein' I was long and slimm and had lots of gray stuff inside of my hed. I wasent intrested at fust, fer I had seen the kine of cloes them players woar an I didnt have any hankeren to expose myself to numonia. The gals had allus admired my face, but I hadent ever heard any body say my laigs was pertty.

In the mene time I sorter flops for one of them young weenies they had thare in school. I cudent onerstand what she tried to talk to me about fer sign language looked funny to me then, but boys, that gal could talk with them eyes of hern, and that was one langage what I litally had by the tale. This gal was the bell of that school, and what I mene she got intrested in me too.

Some of them boys there took me off to aside and tolle me I'd best lay often that rag, an when I ast 'em why, they sed she had a habbet of laffen at men. It seemed lak the boys thare had took terns bein this gals steady when ever they could meet in the eaten room or the Chappel, but they had all give her up sooner or latter because she laffed at 'em. You know, it gits a fellers nanny to have a woman laff at him. Well, she had all reddy tolle me—them eyes of hern—that she liked me as mutch as the school rules ud let her, so I knowed she wasent ever gone to slip me the mittun by gigglen at me. I also knowed I wasent gone to comit sich a fox past



"She made the sign that menes stoopud"

as to incinerate her into laffen. The trubble with them other saps was that thay hadent bin cleaver enuff to ack dignerifide around her. Thay had allus maid some bust at the rong time. Thats what I thought then.

Well, to git back to the basketball storey. I discovered that this gal, Callie was her naim, liked basketball. She tolle me onces that she jist adored them simps what played sich movvelus basketball, so that night I thunk things over a cupple times an the next day I comes out fer basketball.

By that time the ole school teme had went threw most of thare skedool, and not a gaim had thay win. I had bin to the gaims and saw them play. I mene I saw them when ever I could git my eyes offen that gal Callie. I had that gaim all doaped out to a frazzle. It peered to me like all they done was try to throw the

ball up so it would fall threw them hoops on its way down. Which ever side could make the bawl drap threw the moast times win the gaim. That looked pertly slick to me.

As I sed, I come out fer basketball. I jined the teme a cupple nites afore the last gaim of the seesen. This last gaim was to be agin a high school teem what was clamen the champion ship of the east part of the state. Well, that teme was our mane rivel, and what I mene they was the rivelin'est things our school had. They hadent beet us in seven years, but this time our teme was having its trubbles, so it looked lak we was in for a tuff time. Thay called that school Hamburg, that bein the naim of the town where it come frum.

Fust nite I went out to practice with the teme I seemed to jist have a natual talent for basketball. They give me a ball and tolle me to see could I hit the basket. Well, peopple, I could drap that ball threw them hoops from any place where they tolle me to stand. It was soft picken fer me, and it didnt matter if the hole teme tried to git in my way, it didnt bother me a tall. I guess I practiced two hours and I never mist a shot. Some fellers is like that, you know, jist borned athaleets. It is a gift.

Well, from then on I could a had anything I wanted in that school, and them boys showed in thare eyes that they thought I was the reel goods. Eaven the soopervisor would let me slip off behin the fents to stimilate my sistem with eatin' tobacker. Next day it spred all over school what a meen basketball shooter I was. When I looked over at Callie when we was eaten dinner she give me a look what to this very day makes my ole hart flop up along side my wind pipe.

That nite I felt that I had learnt enuff basketball so that I could rite a book about it if I needed to, so I didnt go to practice, and the next nite come the gaim with Hamburg. I went out to practice with the boys jist afore the gaim and maid the peopple dizzy with the way I could sling that ball around. The gal, Callie, gives me another sweet look and I feels my oats.

The coach, a big ball hedded cuss, wouldent let me start the gaim fer he says I hadent practiced enuff and would have to set on the bench for a wile. Well, our boys played a whopper of a gaim enyhow, and surprised the natives by keepen rite up with the Hamburg ruff neks. Long toards the last the Hamburgs started a stampend and drawed out in fruit. Our teem ketched them agin and the scoar was tide up 28 at, and onley about a haff minnet was left to play. Our coach must of had a insperation then fer he jumped up an got the time keeper to toot his wissle sos he could put in a substatoot. That sub was me my self. The coach slipped in a word to our boys and tolle 'em to be sure and let me have the ball. The play started an our capten maniged to git holt of the ball, wich he shoots quick to me. I looks over at Callie and she was broadcasten that bewitchen smile of hern. I waſ standen in the middle of the floar but I let fly at the gole. That ball done what I knowed it would do. It dropped rite into the net an the feller with the Ingersoll then blowed his wissle. Time was up, and the gaim was done. Hot dawgs! I had win the gaim!

Then I looked around at the peopple to see 'em proclame me a heero, but everybody was as quiet as death for a instant, like they was plum dumfounded at my skill. They didnt seam to no what to think. It was onley a instant though, an then the racket busted loose. The ole place farely shook with the toomalt they maid. But what looked funney to me was the Hamburg gang of sisser bills. Insted of looken digested they was

holleran to beet all git out, an our deef crowd was scowlen and pounden the air with thair fists. Next thing I knowed our captens foot landed agin the far side of my basketball panties with a dooce of a concution that could of bin heard 4 mile away. I thought that was a funney way to treet a heero. Then that ball hedded coach comes out an gives me a shove and bellers, "You dum ape, don't you no whose gole is where? Holy cow, that was Hamburg's basket you throwed the ball in and they wins the gainm. Git outen my way fore I steps on you." "Well, I swan," says I, "Does it matter of sissier bils. In sted of looken digected they was

which gole a feller hits?" The coach jist gives me a nasty look and stomps off.

In all the commoshun I had forget about Callie, but I knowed she was still with me, so I snuck out by the doar where I could see her as she went out. Perty soon she come along and I sidled up to her. Peopple, the look that gal give me woudl of nocked a hippopotimus for a gole. Then she slaps her fist up agin her foar hed to make the sign wich menes stoopid in moast any langage. I nigh past out, but took another look at her jist to see was my eyes cutten up, and then I seen her sholders shaken. That gal was gigglen at me!

Famous Deaf Sculptor, Genius of Gustinus Ambrosi



GUSTINUS AMBROSI occupies a special place among the artists of the present age. He comes of a race of artists, mostly painters and architects. From 1553 to 1809 the Ambrosi were located in Italy, and then settled in Florence. As a result of a brain-fever Gustinus Ambrosi became deaf and dumb when he was only seven years old, and his misfortune had a great influence on his artistic development and career. Deprived as he was of language and hearing, the creative impulse developed within him with such intensity that even in his infancy it was easy to see that he would become a master in the domain of sculpture.

Although Ambrosi is only thirty-three years of age, he has already created 1,645 works, besides more than two thousand drawings. Among these productions are busts of Richard Wagner, Richard Strauss, Gerhart Hauptmann, August Strindberg, Friedrich Nietzsche, etc. Eighty-seven of his works are in private possession, thirty-four gathered in private collections, and nine exhibited in State galleries in various countries. His remaining works are scattered in his four Vienna studios, in his studios at Amsterdam, and in various Italian cities.

To be able to create so many valuable productions in so short a time, one must be an "isolation fanatic," and this, indeed, is what the master declares himself to be. Only a man to whom money, women, love, success, and fame mean nothing but hallow shams, a man whose whole affection and love is devoted to art alone, is able to create in a manner such as Ambrosi is doing.

It is interesting to learn something of the way in which his productions are created. He works without any program. First of all the plan for a new creation is sketched, and only then, after each minute detail is worked out in his mind, which sometimes may take years, does he commence with the execution. But when he does, he works as if driven by irresistible forces and with iron energy, so that within an astonishing short time the sculpture is completed. Indeed, often the reception occupies more time than the work itself. Ambrosi himself moulds all his bronze casts, and his marble sculptures are, without any other preparation, immediately hewn out of the stone.

Ambrosi attended neither school nor academy. He was not influenced by any of the former masters, and does not imitate any of them. Experts of art believe that his works are influenced by Michel Angelo and Rodin. It may be that these two masters served as a model for Ambrosi. But where is the really great sculptor who can free himself entirely from the influence of these two giants in the domain of sculpture? Ambrosi's arts rests

on itself; he does not need any leader; his genius alone shows him the way to go.

Only a short time ago he completed Mussolini's bust. On account of his deafness he was allowed to do the work during the meeting of the Senate in the Chamber, to which no outsider is ever admitted. The original bust is of bronze, and was put up in the Duce's study in the Palazzo Chigi at Rome, and a copy of it is to be placed in the Gallery of Modern Art in Florence. It is very likely that during this winter Ambrosi will have an opportunity to model the head of the Pope.

Ambrosi is not only a sculptor, but also a prominent draughtsman, painter, and a highly gifted poet; his songs and poems, written in an elaborate tongue, betray deep thought and feeling. His poems have the effect of plastics, so that one may truly say that the sculptor can be traced in them, just as the creative power and tender feelings of the poet are reflected in his sculptures. It is not surprising, therefore, that they are greatly valued by a large circle of admirers.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute.*

"I hear Bill kissed Jane at the dance last night."

"Well, did you ever!"

"No."



Mrs. Murray Campbell and guest, in Sunny California.

Letters From Our Humorist

By Henry P. Crutcher

Hominy, S. C.,
Febblewerry 1928.

Dear pop Porter:—

Well, here it is the second month of another Leap Year, pop, and I aint got but only two letters from female gals so far, and neither one of them even so much as hinted for me to become her permanent sweet papa. So it begins to look like I am to remain a single bachelor for another four years unless some of these unappreciative hussies grab me before I lose all my sex appeal. Wish I had took that red-headed old maid that proposed to me in 1924. She had plenty of money but she also had plenty of halitosis, so I had to refuse her. I hear she croaked recently and also left her husband—yes, she grabbed one later—a \$5,000 insurance policy which Mark Kenner inveigled her into taking out under the pretence that he was a single man and looking for a red-headed wife. Then after she took it and paid a year's premiums in advance he confessed he was already hitched good and proper. Darn it all, I never have any luck. But if I had married her, she would have lived to be ninety years old, and most probably collect my Frat insurance money and spending it all on a second husband—maybe an oralist, at that.

Now these here two letters I got—here's what one of them says: "Dear sir:—We understand you are a Presbyterian. Hominy welcomes you and hopes you will stay with us..... If ten gentlemen will subscribe \$500 each to start the endowment fund for our new dormitory at the Presbyterian College . . . Nine gentlemen have signified their intention of doing so. Who will be the tenth to have his name engraved on the cornerstone? Who, Who?"

My dear inquisitive lady: — I don't know who or whom is going to be that tenth gentleman. If I did I would tell you, honest I would. Lady, are you by any chance hinting for me to be that tenth gentleman? ME? Lady, if I had \$500 I would buy me one of these new Ford Coo-pays and have my name inscribed for 50 cents extra upon each door. And I would ask you to take the first ride, 'cause you sorter hinted that I was a gentleman. Yes, dear lady, I'm a Presbyterian here because this is a Presbyterian town. In Charlotte, N. C., I was a Methodist; in Louisville and Knoxville, a Baptist; in St. Louis, an Episcopalian; in New York City, a Hebrew or Papist, accordingly as the company I happened to be in; Brooklyn, a Lutheran; in Chicago, an atheist; and so on. Lady, I'm a religious chameleon.

Lady, when I am able to do any donating it aint gonna be on no old dormitory; it is going to be on the proposed new Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf of Kentucky.

Sincerely, H. P. C.

Here's what the other letter says in part: (It is from my former landlady.) "Dear Mr. C:— You forgot to pay your laundry bill before you left, and the Chinaman is worrying me to death about it. The amount, he says, is \$1.39c. Please remit at once so I can get shet

of that fool Chinaman what is worrying me nearly to death about the laundry bill which you forgot to pay before you left and is \$1.39c. You left a pair of socks in bottom drawer of the wash stand. Do you want me to send them to you? They are very dirty. If you want me to send the very dirty pair of socks which you left in the bottom drawer of the wash stand, send 4c extra for p. p. charges making \$1.43 in all which is \$1.39+4c=\$1.43c. Fluffy (her poodle) is full of fleas. I don't know where she gottem. Right in the dead of the winter too. And so is Clementine (her terrier). She gottem from Fluffy. I and all the boarders are all busy scratching. I am going to give them a bath tomorrow with Dr. Tyman's Flea Soap.

The boarders all miss you and are fast forgetting how to talk on their fingers. We all hope you will come back soon and teach us again to talk on our fingers which the boarders are all forgetting how to do now that you've gone.

Well I must close now and get dinner ready as the cook has left, the trifling thing.

Be sure and send that \$1.39c—\$1.43c if you wish me to send the dirty socks in the wash stand to you which you forget, I guess.

All the boarders send their best wishes and say for you to write again. Please do, and send the \$1.43c.

Most Sincerely,

SEDALIA B.

P.S. Don't send check, send money order. S. B.
My dear tantological Sedalia B.,

Sedalia B.:—

Enclose you will find a greenish-hued P. O. money order for \$1.39. Never mind sending the socks; give them to the Chinaman, also. If he doesn't want them, give them to the Salvation Army. If they don't want them, throw them away. Anywhere. I don't need them now as I got a pair. I really don't need the pair I got as it is so nice and warm down here in S. C. that I go barefooted most of the time. It is so nice to be where you can go barefooted in January. Aint it? But I stubbed my toe yestiddy. Too bad about Fluffy and Clementine. Maybe those aint fleas; maybe they're boll weavils that come out of that cotton plant I sent you. If so, put one drop of chloroform on each weevil; that will kill'em.

Am sending a half a dozen manual alphabet cards to distribute among the boarders so they won't forget how to talk on their fingers. I bet the boys don't ever forget the naughty signs, tho they may forget all the rest.

Sincerely, H. P. C.

Why, Sedalia, I'm surprised at you! Giving all the boarders a bath. All them boys, too. Woman, where's your modesty.

H. P. C.

Well, pop, what do you think of my two Leap Year letters? Not a teaspoon full of romance in the two of them. And my family is beginning to get worried now for fear they'll never have me off their hands. Aint it the cats?

I reckon, Pop, you are surprised to hear from me

down here in the land of cotton when the last time you heard from me I was up in old Illini and preparing to call on Jimmie Meagher this winter and have him take me on a personally conducted tour through his poem factory.

Many things came up to cause me to change my plans, but I aint got time to tell about them now. Next month I will also tell abut life in Dixie—I've been in Charlotte, N. C., and Atlanta, Ga., also—but chiefly of Hominy, S. C. Maybe.

Before closing, Pop, I want to deny that scandalous story that Florence Waffles Lewis is spreading around the East to the effect that I walked the ties the whole way.

I didn't no such a thing. I didn't walk even half the way. I rode in automobiles and passenger trains. I did so! That gal aint no gentleman, nohow. Just wait; I'll fix her.

Good-bye, Pep.
Repectively, yourn,
CRUTCH.



The Hermitage Home of Rev. J. W. Michaels, near Mountainburg, Arkansas.



IN THE December WORKER the likeness of the Rev. J. W. Michaels made a fitting frontispiece.

Away up on the top of one of the highest of the Boston Mountains in the Ozarks perches "The Hermitage." It is here that Mr. Michaels makes his home. The house is built of light tan field stone and is 50 feet long by 35 feet wide. There are two stories. A great hall runs through the house and there is a large stone fire-place in the hall. This is the heart of

the home. The view from the front porch is superb. Thirty miles away the Arkansas River may be seen. The



View from the front porch of "The Hermitage"—Arkansas River in mid-distance



Ice formation at mouth of cave on Mr. Michaels' estate. Mr. and Mrs. Michaels

home is situated on a tract of 160 acres that comprises both rocky and tree covered mountain side and many acres of fine level valley land. There are an abundance of clear springs on the property. The flow from several of these springs is being joined and a dam is being built to produce a swimming pool. Although Mr. Michaels celebrated his 75th birthday on December 19th he has plans for elaborate improvements and several men and a

team are now at work carrying out his ideas. Mr. Michaels is still in excellent health and on his last birthday he exhibited his vigor by a two hours scramble over the rocky part of his estate. The years seem to slide off of his shoulders and leave no mark.

Mr. Michaels is fortunate in having a most capable wife who loves this spot as he loves it. A great deal of



Mr. and Mrs. Michaels at one of the beauty spots on his estate. Ice formation over the mouth of a cave.

the time they are alone, away up here on the top of the world, but are far from lonesome. Still they enjoy having their friends visit them. They both hail from Virginia where it seems hospitality was invented.

Mr. Michaels has lived a long, active and wide-awake life and speaks most interestingly on Civil War times and of people and events in the history of the education of the deaf. A pilgrimage to "The Hermitage" is worth any man's time.

To one from the North it seems strange at this time, January 10th, to be able to stroll out of doors in one's shirt sleeves. The winter here seems to be a succession of Indian summers with a few short cold snaps in between to add variety.

The quietness, the beauty and the healthfulness of this spot beggars description. One is away from the hurry and bustle, the greed and the dirt of the world. Here are love and kindness.

JAY COOKE HOWARD.

"Not very amusing, is he?"

"No. He couldn't even entertain a doubt!"

Howard Has A Good Word For Deaf Auto Mechanics

THE LIKENESS of my handsome French friend, Jean Baptiste Assidas Benoit, and an interesting account of his pioneer work in the automotive field and his present successful career has been broadcasted in THE SILENT WORKER.

The uncanny skill of E. F. Clark, of Austin, Texas, in diagnosing automobile complaints by the sense of touch has received wide publicity in both the great dailies and the l. p. f.

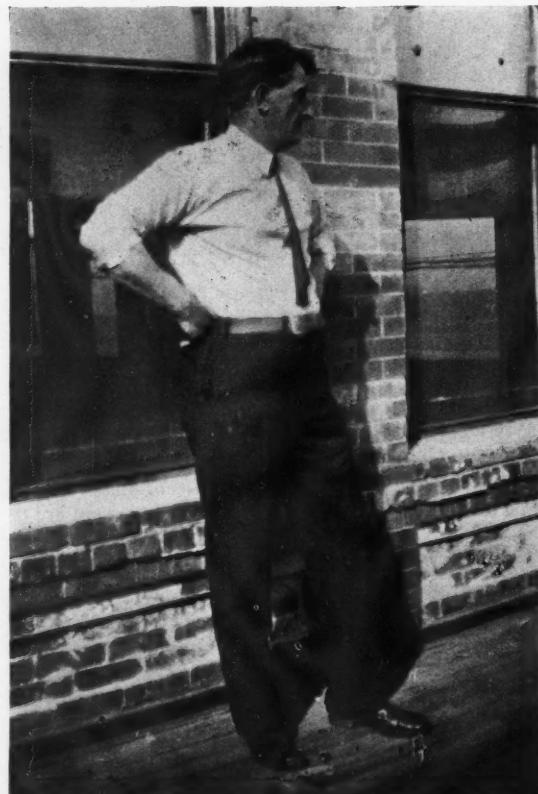
Both of these experts have looked my car over and performed the needful in such a manner that I have had that satisfied feeling.

Tonight my car reposes in the garage of a third great and good deaf automobile mechanic, Van's Garage, Sulphur.

For twenty-two years R. R. Vandevender has doctored sick and ailing cars in his own garage in this town of springs that produce the genuine rotten egg water. Whether the water is good for the stomach, I do not propose to say, but to enjoy life within 20 miles of Sulphur, one must be deaf in the nose or become acclimated. I do know that Van is good for diseased cars.

Benoit is a past master and specialist, Clark is a city practitioner and Van is a country doctor.

Van is known throughout this section as a thoroughly



R. R. Vandevender, Sulphur, Oklahoma

good and competent automobile mechanic and acetylene welder. The way he handles cars is interesting and sometimes amusing. His methods might occasionally be criticised by big city garages but he gives satisfaction to

the trade that comes his way and if he has a fine car to doctor and is allowed the necessary time no big city mechanic could do a neater or more expert job. Today was a good sample of an average day. A Ford car had a leaky radiator. The driver was in a hurry and would



R. R. Vandevender, Sulphur, Oklahoma

not wait for a soldering job. Van dumped a bag of Durham tobacco into the radiator and stopped the leak and sent him on his way quite happy. A truck came in with a broken motor support. This was a welding job but the driver could not wait, so Van trussed it up with a length of chain and it chugged off. The luggage carrier on an interurban bus had come to grief with two bro-

ken supports. The Bus was backed into the garage and Van did a welding job right on the car. To be sure a bit of the wood work on the carrier caught fire, but an obliging by-stander squirted a copious stream of tobacco juice on the blaze and the Bus was on its way. If a lady breaks a part of her sewing machine it is sent to Van to mend, and the variety of the work that is brought to him covers the range of the daily life in a small town; the metal part of it.

Van hails from this section in the Indian Territory days. His mother was a full blooded Osage Indian. His father was white. He lost his hearing when a small boy and was sent to the Indiana School for the Deaf from which he graduated in due course. He later lived in Minnesota for three years and then moved to other places, locating here 22 years ago. He has regained his hearing to a very considerable extent and carries on spoken conversation. He has three children who have "feathered" and flown the nest and are making good in California and a wee bit of a downy boy who is his pride and joy. His wife is a fine, intelligent and competent deaf lady.

Van is dark, big and handsome "with large and sinewy arms," and is a "Prince of a good fellow." Like Uncle Joe Cannon he would not be recognizable without a cigar in his mouth. He is known far and wide as "Van." This attests his popularity. He has a nice little home three or four blocks from his garage where he entertains his friends and where his wife sets up dinners that are "events."

JAY COOKE HOWARD.



New York—School children's hearing tested with new audiometer. Photo shows Marie A Pless, of the New York League for the Hard of Hearing, testing the hearing of some children of public school 151, at 91st St. and 1st Ave., by this new device, which is a special kind of talking machine. Forty persons may be tested at one time. The kiddies shown above are, so far as is known, of excellent ear-power. If the subject's hearing is in any way defective the instrument pictured here will spot the defect.

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO

Just Snapshots



Louis A. Hicks, of Rochester, N. Y., and the game bagged last November in the Adirondack Mountains. Mr. Hicks is also an expert angler, and has a cottage at Harrisville, N. Y.



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard T. Terry, Reseda, California.



Left to right—Mrs. Elizabeth Toellner. Taken on the lawn of her residence, Angola, N. Y. Miss Melba Kinn. Taken on the lawn of Mrs. E. Toellner's residence



Mrs. James Henderson one of the ladies who served on the committee of the late Banquet given in Detroit which celebrated the Golden Anniversary of Ephphatha Episcopal Mission, Detroit. She has been a most loyal worker for the Guild and Mission. She has always been most successful in whatever she undertakes, and has been with the Guild since its birth, in 1916.



Mrs. R. H. MacLachlan, one of the ladies served on the committee of the late Banquet given in Detroit which celebrated the Fiftieth Anniversary of Ephphatha Episcopal Mission Detroit, Mich. She has served the ladies Guild in various capacities for several years and is a splendid church worker.

Of Interest to the Housewife

(Tested Recipes by courtesy of Recipe Service Co., of Philadelphia)

By Betty Barclay

FRIED CHEESE TOAST

Put two thin slices of bread together with cheese. Beat 2 eggs, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, dip the cheese sandwich in this mixture. Brown in butter on both sides. Serve with currant jelly.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING

6 cups whole milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins

Put all together in a buttered pan in a moderate oven. Stir frequently at first, and then occasionally. Bake 2 hours. Should be creamy. Better cold than hot.

PINEAPPLE PUNCH

1 quart water
 2 cups sugar
 2 cups chopped pineapple
 1 cup orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice

Boil water, sugar and pineapple 20 minutes. Add fruit juices, cool, strain and dilute with iced water if necessary. Either fresh or canned pineapple may be used.

LEFT-OVER MEAT PIE

Cut left-over meat and vegetables into uniform medium-sized pieces. Mix with an equal amount of medium cream sauce (1 c. milk, 2 tbsps. flour, 2 tbsps. butter). Season well with onion, salt, pepper, etc. (Use left-over gravy with cream sauce if possible). Cover with a thick pie crust, biscuit dough, or layer of left-over mashed potato mixed with milk (one slightly beaten egg can be added to potato if desired). Bake in a moderate oven until the crust is cooked, or until browned and heated through if potato is used.

FRUIT CUP

1 cup orange sections
 1 cup white grapes
 1 cup pineapple dice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple syrup
 Few grains salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Remove membrane from orange sections and skins and seeds from grapes. Mix fruit, orange juice and pineapple syrup; add salt and sugar. Pack in ice and salt until thoroughly chilled. Serve garnished with maraschino cherries.

SCALLOPED POTATOES AU GRATIN

Into a well-buttered baking dish put a layer of thinly sliced potatoes, salt, pepper and a thin scattering of finely

cut cheese and one-half the thin white sauce (1 tbsp. flour, 1 tbsp. butter, to 1 c. milk). Repeat and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven about an hour, until the white sauce bubbles through and the potatoes are well done and browned on top. If cheese is omitted, add small pieces of butter to each layer of potato. In order to save time of making cream sauce, a small amount of dry flour can be sprinkled over layers of potato, and milk added to cover the potatoes.

FRENCH FRUIT DRESSING

3 tablespoons lemon juice
 3 tablespoons orange juice
 4 tablespoons oil
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 1 tablespoon sugar
 Mix all ingredients thoroughly.

SCALLOPED CORN AND CELERY

2 cups corn (canned or fresh cut)
 1 cup celery (finely chopped)
 1 cup buttered dry bread crumbs
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 small green pepper chopped
 2 tablespoons butter
 1 cup hot milk

Arrange corn, peppers, celery and crumbs in two alternate layers in a buttered baking dish. Add butter to hot milk and pour over the vegetables. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake 30 to 40 minutes. Serves eight.

KRIS-KRINGLE KANDY

3 cups confectioner's sugar
 1 cup cocoanut
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sweetened condensed milk

To the sweetened condensed milk add the vanilla. Stir in two cups of the sugar, then add the cocoanut and sugar enough to stiffen to the desired consistency. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper or an oiled pan.

PATTY CAKE PIE

3 eggs
 3 tablespoons lemon juice
 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
 1 cup sugar
 3 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 1 tablespoon melted butter
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add lemon juice and rind. Mix sugar, flour and salt and add to lemon mixture. Stir in melted butter and milk and fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into pie tin lined with crust and put into hot oven (450 degrees). After 10 minutes reduce heat to moderate (350 degrees) and continue baking 20 minutes longer, or until filling is firm.

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled By Emily Sterck

Joe Gabrielli, of Sacramento, who learned his trade at the Berkeley school has been forced by increasing business to move his print shop into a bigger and better location in the heart of the business district of Sacramento. Joe's success is only an example of what the State School at Berkeley does for the boys and girls that are sent there to acquire an education and lay the foundation of some good trade suitable for them to follow after they graduate.—*The Deaf.*

The appointment of Miss Pearl Herdman as Principal of the Gallaudet School for the Deaf in St. Louis augurs well for the future welfare and progress of that school. Miss Herdman has had a long experience as a teacher, and a most intimate association with, and knowledge and understanding of the deaf, both in school and outside. What makes the appointment all the more fitting is that Miss Herdman is the sister-in-law of the late Dr. J. H. Cloud, who spent a large portion of his life in the upbuilding of that school and placing it in the front rank of schools for the deaf in America. Miss Herdman can be relied upon to guide the school along the best approved modern educational lines, with due regard to the best interests of all the deaf children.—*Minnesota Companion.*

Somebody in North Carolina or thereabouts wrote an account of the convention held at Winston-Salem, N. C., last summer, saying that Tennessee was among those states endorsing the Dixie Association of the Deaf. That was a mistake. So far as we have been able to learn, there was only one Tennessean at the convention, and he was there as a visitor. Tennessee has taken no active interest in the organization of this new association.

We have many friends among those who are apparently keenly interested in this attempt to start a new organization, and for this reason we have remained silent as to our views, but when a promoter of the organization says that we have endorsed the movement we think it time to speak up and say just where we are.

Tennessee has never endorsed the movement. We regret that some of the Southern deaf conceived this idea. There is no necessity of a separate association for the South. The South cannot gain anything as a separate association above what it could have through the National substantial support to the National Association as it would give to a Southern association. We fear this attempt to organize the South

into a separate association is a waste of time, money and effort, and may prove a means of severing to an extent the interest and esteem of some of our northern friends who are members of the National Association and who, to speak frankly, have as much as said, "The Southern membership and interest in the National Association of the Deaf is conspicuous by its absence."—*Silent Observer.*

Pupils of the Rochester School for the Deaf have a higher rating for mental achievement—by tests applied without making allowance for their infirmity, and placing them in competition with children who are not deaf—than those of any other school for the deaf in this country. This is shown in a printed report published in the American Annals of the Deaf. This rating is eleven points higher than the average for forty-one schools in which the tests were conducted.

More than two years ago the National Research Council of Washington, D. C., began a survey of the education of the deaf in the United States. Two representatives were sent to inspect schools all over the country—an undertaking of many months. These men, professors of Gallaudet College, Washington, trained educators of the deaf, examined pupils in forty-one schools, giving both intelligence and educational tests to children 12 years old and older.—*Rochester Democrat.*

NEBRASKA DEAF MUTE IN AMSTERDAM ON HOMEWARD JOURNEY IN MACHINE MADE IN '17

Dale Paden, a deaf mute motorist, who has traveled thousands of miles in his old Ford, left Amsterdam today on his homeward journey to Scribner, Neb., after visiting Thomas Sack of 46 market street, an old time friend. Paden said he bought his 1917 Ford for \$25 in Nebraska and has driven it many hundred miles without an accident. He journeyed from his home to Trenton, N. J., and is now westward bound, to rejoin his wife who is at the home of her parents in Scribner, Neb.—*Amsterdam Evening Recorder.*

THE DEAF OF FRANCE WANT THE RIGHT TO DRIVE AUTOS

Paris, Dec. 26.—Deaf-mutes object to being barred from the right to drive automobiles in France. Through their organ, the "Gazette of the Deaf Mutes," they contend the prohibition is unfair.

Nature, they say, compensates them for the loss of the two senses by making their vision more acute, increasing their caution and generally speeding up their intellectual reactions.

One of them, Maurice Menjardet, deaf but not mute, who is an automobile builder and is reputed to be a remarkable driver, gives it as his conviction that the loss of speech and hearing does not make his fellows unsafe on the road.

DEAF CLUB BANQUETS TO HONOR DEPARTING MEMBER

At the home of Mrs. Pearl Jones, 1309 West Eighteenth street, a banquet was given by the Arkansas Valley Deaf Club, last night, in honor of Earl Huberd, who will leave shortly for his old home in Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Ora Bruce exhibited an assortment of fancy clay ornaments, made by the Colorado Pottery company where he is employed.

Out of town visitors attending the regular meeting of the Arkansas Valley Deaf Club and the banquet following were Mr. and Mrs. John Classon, La Junta, Mr. and Mrs. Ora Bruce, Rocky Ford, and Peter Busch, Colorado Springs.

THE END OF THE SURVEY.

Superintendent Frank M. Driggs of the Utah School, President of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, will appear before the National Research Council at Washington, D. C., January 20th and 21st to discuss, "Problems of the Deaf."

We take it that the survey is completed. The Research Council which has taken so much interest in it is now ready to move forward in help, to the best of its ability, the Schools for the Deaf, throughout the country and want suggestions as to wherein it may serve.

Superintendent Driggs is the proper man to give this advice. He is interested, industrious, wise and rational. No one in the profession is better informed than he. He goes upon invitation.

We hope on his way, he may be able to stop off and spend a few days with us.—*Ohio Chronicle.*

SUCCESS OF A FORMER SUPERINTENDENT'S SON.

Friends of Mr. A. A. Stewart, formerly Superintendent of the Oklahoma and Kansas Schools for the Deaf, are greatly delighted to learn that his son,

Walter W. Stewart, has been appointed Advisor to the Bank of England. Walter was formerly professor of economics at Amherst College. Later he was with the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, D. C., and at present he is associated with Case, Pomeroy & Company, investment bankers, in New York.

Miss Stella Stewart, a sister of Walter's, taught in this School for a number of years. She has had a splendid position with the Tariff Commission in Washington for the past ten years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Stewart make their home in Colorado Springs.—*M. in Colorado Index.*

DEAF CLUB FORMED BY SOUTHERN COLORADOANS

Meeting Friday night, a large number of Pueblo deaf people together with a number from the valley, assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. LeMasters, 1306 West Eighteenth street and formed a permanent organization. The group will be known as the Arkansas Valley Deaf Club.

While the club was organized to function along social and literary lines, it will also include an information bureau for the benefit of deaf visitors who may chance this way. To that end the secretary was instructed to post club cards in the various hotels and camp grounds offices.

Officers were elected at the initial meeting. They are: C. C. LeMasters, president; Pearl Jones, treasurer; A. J. Lamoreaux, secretary; directors, Earl Hubbard, Edward Burnett, Frank Garrett; outside organizers, John Cleson, of La Junta; Ethel Copfer, of Springfield; Lloyd Shields, of Florence; Angus Winters, of Gunnison.

At the conclusion of the business session refreshments were served. For the present the club will meet alternately at the home of the members of the organization once each month. Later on it plans to secure a hall.

LEARNED IN HARD SCHOOL

We little know in what a hard school may be developed the powers that make a man famous, proclaim him a success.

Lon Chaney, the noted actor, whose gift for facial expression is nothing short of marvellous, was born of deaf parents. When he was only ten years old, his mother who could neither hear nor speak, was stricken with rheumatism. It fell to the lot of the boy, a child in the fourth grade, to leave school and care for his stricken mother.

It was the pathetic necessity of conveying his messages to a person who could neither speak nor gesture that brought out in the boy the almost uncanny faculty for transmitting the entire range of human emotions in subtle facial changes. For more than three years he read his mother's messages in her eyes and conveyed to her his own, until the younger children grew capable of taking up his home responsibilities, when he went out to get his first job at thirteen.

Back of any unusual accomplishment, any outstanding achievement, there is often a story of stark tragedy, or pathos, and pain. A peep behind the curtain of personal pride and reserve reveals much.—*St. Augustine (Fla.) Evening Record.*

SOME DON'TS FOR AUTO DRIVERS

Here are the wise counsels that William H. Stewart, head of the Stewart Auto School, of New York City, gives to drivers:

Don't try to pass another car on a curve; you will get hurt sooner or later.

Don't speed; only amateurs do it.

Don't drive in trolley-car tracks; they'll get you in trouble.

Don't splash mud on innocent bystanders; it's a thoughtless, cruel trick.

Don't lock your brakes when you start to skid; you'll lose control of your car.

Don't drive fast on a wet pavement; you're bound to regret.

Don't race your motor, slam your doors, or sound your horn late at night; the neighbors may wake up and shoot you.

Don't cut across the inside of a curve; some time you'll meet another car head-on.

Don't seek to pass another car without giving a warning toot of your horn; you may get sideswiped.

Don't back your car without looking behind you; there is always something there.

Don't ride in the middle of the road; another road-hog will tangle with you eventually.

YOUNG WALKER IN CHARGE

Word comes that W. Laurens Walker, Jr., the son of Dr. Walker, Superintendent of the South Carolina School, has been made acting Superintendent of the Florida School in place of Dr. A. H. Walker, whose death was reported last week.

What a wonderful line of Walkers that family has been able to produce? The whole profession will be wishing him every success and feeling certain that he will have it. It is in the Walker blood.

It has been said that grandfather owned a farm, father owned a garden, but I have a can opener.

The history of the Walker family is that grandfather started a small school, father greatly enlarged and enriched it, I am still adding to its usefulness and strength. My two brothers have records as Superintendents of other schools and my son is in charge of one the richest and most interesting schools in the country. That is an arithmetical increasing series with a good substantial ratio. The farmer family spoken of above was a geometrical decreasing ratio and it reached zero in a hurry.

All honor to the Walkers, one and all of them. May their tribe increase.—*Ohio chronicle.*

SUPERINTENDENT STEVENSON RESIGNS

The reopening of school after the Christmas holidays was made noteworthy in a way that was far from pleasant to us all; This was the official announcement by the State Board of Control that Mr. Stevenson had resigned his position as Superintendent, the resignation to take effect at the close of school next June. He was offered the superintendency of the California School for the Deaf, and after long consideration he decided to accept the offer. Regret at his decision is universal amongst

us. During the four year that he has been our chief, he has conducted himself in a manner to win the respect, confidence, and support of all—officers, teachers, pupils, and adult deaf throughout the State. His one thought has been the welfare of the school and the deaf children. He has always been on the lookout for ways and means of improving the efficiency of the school and its work. He has made many improvements, the most noteworthy being our new trades building, which is one of the finest and best equipped in the country. His watchword is *service*, and his own earnestness and zeal have inspired all with the same spirit. The Pacific Coast has recently demonstrated its superiority in football by downing three of the strongest eastern elevens. This is another win of the West over the East. As good sports, we congratulate California.—*The Companion.*

NEW PRINCIPAL OF GALLAUDET SCHOOL

The Gallaudet School at St. Louis, with which Dr. Cloud was so long connected, has called Miss Pearl Herdman, a teacher in the school, to the principalship. *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* says of this appointment:

The deaf children of St. Louis, as well as their parents, are to be congratulated upon the appointment of Miss Pearl Herdman to be Principal of the Gallaudet School. She is well qualified for the position by a thorough knowledge of the deaf and their needs, by educational accomplishments and experience. Her appointment is a distinct triumph for the Combined System of educating the deaf—a system which utilizes all methods, adapting them singly or together to promote the mental development of the child. Her appointment does not mean that the oral method will be discarded, but that every child will have a full and fair chance to learn to speak and read the lips of other speakers, unless through loss of time and effort expended, it be detrimental to the general education. Almost any child can be taught to do stunts in speech and lip-reading to the amazement of the casual visitor, but its intellectual progress has a much more important bearing upon a successful future after school days are over.—*Silent Hoosier.*

NOTED EDUCATOR DIES OF APOPLEXY

S. Teft Walker, widely known as an educator of the deaf and dumb, died of apoplexy at the Sunshine hospital here Friday last, and the funeral services were held Monday at Benbough's chapel at 3 p.m.

Mr. Walker was 73 years old, but he had maintained an active interest in the welfare of the deaf here since his retirement and removal to San Diego four years ago. He was their constant friend and counsellor and will be missed by many of the afflicted whose keenest need frequently is a friend who understands the handicap under which they labor.

In his professional work Mr. Walker had served as superintendent of state schools for the deaf at Olathe, Kansas; Jacksonville, Illinois; Baton Rouge, La.; and Fulton, Mo.

He leaves a wife at the family home, 4476 Forty-second street and four children, Herbert S. Walker, of Manila; Mrs. Allen Jacobs, of Reno; Mrs. Charles Winchester, of Buchanan, West Virginia, and Miss Clementine Walker, of San Diego.

Mrs. Jacobs, of Reno, Nevada, is the wife of Dean Jacobs of that city and had been associated with her father in the use of sign language, and therefore beautifully interpreted the services conducted by Dr. Barnes, in the sign language for the deaf friends.—*San Diego, July, 1927.*

PROSPERITY AMONG SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF

General prosperity for the country is reflected in new buildings for state schools for the deaf.

Alabama leads with \$300,000 for buildings for the deaf and blind. Next comes Washington state with \$225,000 for a new administration building.

The Maryland school is to have a new school building at a cost of \$70,000.

The North Dakota school is to have a new trades building to cost \$50,000.

A bill has been favorably reported allowing \$150,000 for a new trades building for the Michigan school.

The Mexico school has been allowed \$75,000 for a boys' dormitory.

The Oklahoma school is to have \$60,000 for a new gymnasium this year and \$100,000 for a Primary Hall next year.

At Mt. Airy School, Philadelphia, the ground has been broken and the work is well under way on the foundation for a new gymnasium. The structure will cost \$140,000.

The Idaho School has a \$161,242 building program.

The Nebraska School has \$60,000 for the first unit of a modern, fireproof school building.

The Florida School has just completed a magnificent boys dormitory at a cost of \$100,000, and is at present building a similar building for the girls. Florida has a \$321,000 building program for the new year.

May we add here that the North Carolina School for the Deaf has last year spent \$80,000 for permanent improvement—new boilers, a new trades building and equipment.—*The Deaf Carolinian.*

THE HOME FUND

There is an old adage that reads, "Many a mickle makes a muckle," which is a euphonious way of saying that many a little makes a much. And there is no better, or more outstanding, example of the truth of that old saying than the present Home fund. Only a few short years ago it was but a handful of—"chicken-feed," as we are so often led to name a small amount of change. But \$40,000.00 is not "chicken-feed," and forty thousand dollars is practically what the sum amounts to now—and that is money in bank and drawing interest, too. It is not pledges to pay.

How has that money been accumulated? Little by little. From here and from there. This person and that person. There has been no large donation made to the fund. The largest amount contributed by any one person has been the sums of \$50.00 paid in for life membership,

and many of these memberships have been paid for on the popular installment plan—a dollar, a few cents, a few dollars at a time. From all over the State it has come, in amounts from a cent to fifty dollars. The Hoosier has published at various times the amounts and the names of the donors, and is printing in this issue the list of donors and the amounts given for the past year. Read it over. That will tell very plainly how the money has been accumulated. And the fine thing about it is that it has come from friends.

If, when the home project was started, the deaf of the State and their immediate friends, some prophet has arisen and said that before Indiana has a home for the deaf there will be \$40,000 in the treasury, he would have been "howled down" by a frantic chorus of waving hands and wiggling fingers, and facial expressions that would have plainly meant. Then Indiana will never have a home for the deaf. But about that time there was a popular song, the refrain of which was:

*"Every little bit added to what you've got,
Always makes just a little bit more."*

And there you are. The "little bit more" is now enough to build the home. And the Home will be built as soon as the legal complications incident to the administration of a will are ironed out, if not before that time. In addition to this money of course there is the munificent gift of Mr. Archibald of his entire estate. But this article is about the Home fund, not the Home farm.—*Silent Hoosier.*

NOTES OF THE GUILD OF ST. JOHN OF BEVERLEY

Another important and necessary step forward in our work has been taken by the R.A.D.D. in the purchase of a house in King's Avenue, Streatham, London, S.W., for the Deaf women throughout the whole of England who are in need of a helping hand. We highly commend this truly Christian work and take this opportunity of wishing our friend Miss Daniels, who is to be in charge of the venture great happiness in her undertaking.

A home for the aged deaf of Edinburgh has just been purchased by the Committee of that splendidly run area of Christian Welfare work. This is situated at Hawthornden, Roslin, and Mrs. Walton, of Hexham, has been appointed Matron. We wish her every happiness and success. We understand this house is open to the deaf for holiday visits for which the usual financial arrangements hold good as elsewhere. We commend this to our readers as we understand the home which is called "Castle View" is situated in superb surroundings and should become an ideal holiday centre, and thus benefit financially the Mission which has taken such an excellent step forward.

We congratulate Mr. F. G. Barnes, who has recently retired from many years of honorable scholastic service on his being made an M.A. of Gallaudet College in "Honoris Causa."

We are most sorry to learn that the N.I.D. are again homeless, having had

to vacate their offices in Soho at short notice.

* * *

We are very pleased to learn that their much esteemed President, Lord Charnwood, has written an interesting detective story called "Tracks in the Snow," and it is published by Benn. We are purchasing a copy of it and loaning it to the Guild Library.

We also congratulate Colonel Wegg Prosser, the President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul (a Roman Catholic Society that works among laymen in that branch of the Christian Church), on his recent Papal Honour in recognition of his great work to his Church. He has represented R.C. Deaf work on the N.I.D. Executive for several years.—*British Deaf Times.*

HE HEARS WITH HIS FINGERS

Did you ever hear of a stone-deaf musician? Probably not. But, down in Austin, Texas, in the employ of the ser-Co., Studebaker distributors, is probably the nearest approach to this phenomenon—a totally deaf expert in horn adjustments and squeaks and rattle eradication.

Perhaps it is not strictly accurate to speak of Eugene F. Clarke, mechanic extraordinary as totally deaf. For, only his ears do not function in the conventional capacity; he can hear—with his fingers—better than most people.

The story of Clarke's struggle to overcome the affliction which has been his since birth reads like a chapter from one of Horatio Alger's masterpieces. In his youth he developed an enthusiasm for mechanical problems, which, in his isolation, amounted practically to an obsession. Denied many of his pleasures which normal youngsters enjoy, he devoted himself to study and experiment.

With the advent of the automobile, Clarke recognized his mechanical "bent." For seventeen years he has been employed, with the exception of a short period by the Benson Motor Co. And, curiously enough, he has become a specialist in the one department which would seem impossible for him to conquer—the field of sound. From all over the territory adjacent to Austin motorists bring their cars to this stonedeaf mechanic to have the squeaks, rattles and horn troubles cured.

Where another mechanic might hear the trouble and yet be unable to locate its seat without long and diligent search, Clarke's fingers—the fingers which serve him as ears—can find the difficulty almost instantly. To him, sound is vibration, and vibration cannot escape his hypersensitive digits.

In motor-tuning, as well these highly-trained fingers are invaluable. The slightest grind of worn gears or the vibration of worn bearings so minute, as to escape entirely the facilities of the average person are obvious to him. On the job he actually "hears" mechanical things better than the normal person.

Studebaker prides itself on the service of its dealers and spares no effort to make certain that the favorable reputation it enjoys is not injured. The highest merit which Studebaker bestows is the Studebaker Certificate of merit. To win this coveted certificate dealer must keep his service station in top form at all times. The moment his service standard drops

the Certificate of Merit is taken from him.

The Benson Motor Co. has one of these certificates in its possession at the present time and the officials of this concern believe that Clarke has played a large part in its winning—and holding.

In the words of his employers and their patrons "Clarke may be deaf—but he's a long way from dumb."—*Motor Age*.

THE NORTH CAROLINA LABOR BUREAU

North Carolina is one of the two Commonwealths that have established departments for the Deaf in their State labor bureaus (Minnesota is the other). The head of the department is Mr. Hugh G. Miller, a deaf man who seems to understand the needs of the deaf workers, and how to administer his office to the best advantage. He has just made a report of the activities of the past two years, and the showing made stamps the department as a useful agency on promoting the advancement of the deaf.

Below we print Mr. Miller's statement.

The purposes of this Bureau is to aid the deaf in the State in procuring employment, and enlightening the public in general, especially large firms and corporations, who employ hundreds of people, as to the capabilities of the deaf persons.

The duties of this division are to secure and keep a census of the deaf, and obtain facts, information, and statistics as to their condition in life with a view to the betterment of their lot, and to obtain statistics and informations of the condition of labor, employment and education of other States with a view to promoting the general welfare of the deaf of the State. This division has assisted deaf travelers enroute to their various destination, interpreted at funerals, court and other places requiring the services of an interpreter.

The labor problem confronting the deaf in this State, has been solved and adjusted upon a permanent basis. This Bureau is largely responsible for the coming to pass of this excellent condition. A great many deaf people have found suitable employment through this Bureau. Their efficiency has been demonstrated, and obstacles in the way of their success have been removed.

The position in which the deaf have been placed, are on the farms, in building construction, manufacturing plants, shoeing establishments, painting, teaching, printing, and one or two other classifications. A revealed fact is that the records for the past year show a big increase in the number of the deaf people employed in manufacturing plants. Before the establishment of the Bureau for the Deaf, a great many deaf people cried for employment, and were at a loss to know where to secure it. The State Department of Labor and Printing was unable to aid the deaf in securing employment, not owing to the lack of interest in them, but owing to the lack of understanding of their ability and needs. It is gratifying to note that this Bureau has relieved the situation, and continues to be helpful to the deaf.

It is a sad sight, indeed, to find an ambitious deaf man struggling against odds to make good, in a position for

which he is not suited, when there is some way to get him some kind of work he can do, and correct the erroneous ideas concerning the deaf and their ability.

We are happy to say that all deaf workers employed are steady in their attendance, consistent in their work, and well disciplined.

The North Carolina act was founded upon the needs of the deaf, and is carried out in a sympathetic attitude in the supervision of the labor of the deaf. Without exception, the deaf pride themselves upon their ability to become supporting, and are a unit in denouncing impostors, who carry cards or leaflets representing themselves as deaf, who appeal to the generosity of the public, by asking for alms. These impostors usually shun the large cities, but are frequently found in small towns, where on account of this practice, the impression all too often prevails that the deaf as a class are unable to maintain themselves independent of such subterfuges. The public should be warned against assisting impostors, who maliciously misrepresent the deaf of the State. In every instance, we wish to make it clear that those impostors should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

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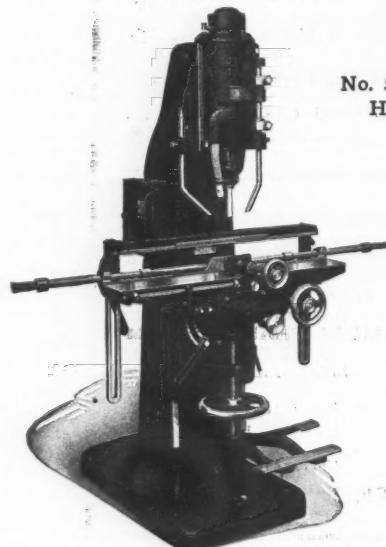
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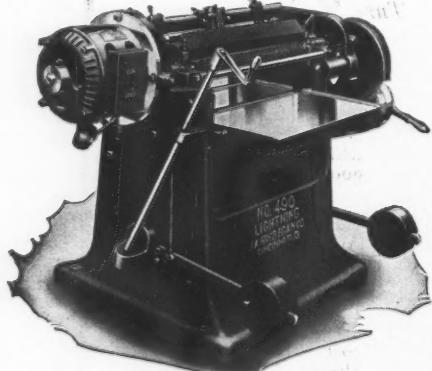
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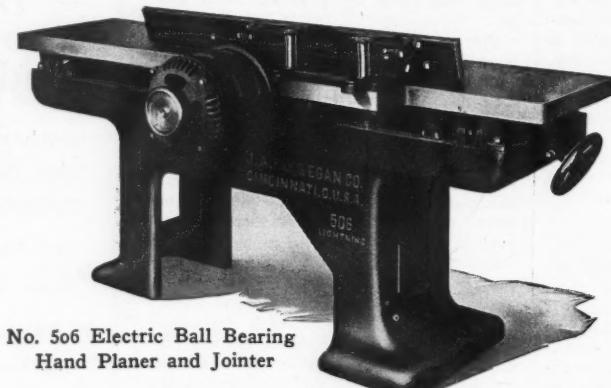
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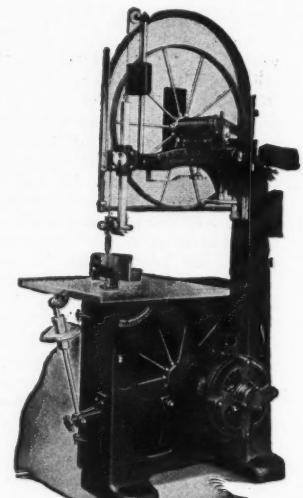


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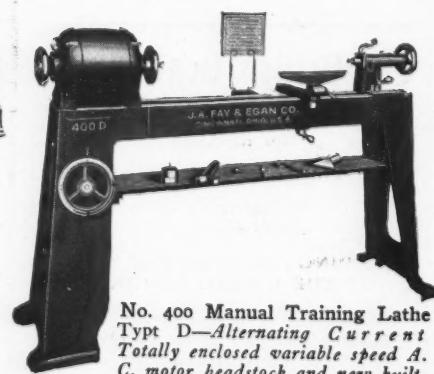
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THE BOY WHO QUILTS



The boy who quits has a brain and a hand
As good as the next; but he lacks the sand
That would make him stick with a courage stout,
To whatever he tackles and be a Scout.

He starts with a rush and a solemn vow,
That he'll soon be showing the others how.
Then something new strikes his roving eye,
And his task is left for the bye and bye.

It's up to each boy what becomes of him;
Hard luck can't stand for a cheerful grin;
The boy who fails needs a better excuse
Than the quitter's whining, "what's the use."

For the boy who quits lets his chances slip,
Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip,
The boy who sticks goes ahead with a shout,
While the boy who quits never makes a Scout.

Author Unknown